Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Allen County Public Library Genealogy Center

http://www.archive.org/details/nathanhalemartyr00holl

GEN

Gc 929.2 H131h
Holloway, Charlotte
Molyneux.
Nathan Hale

# NATHAN HALE.

## THE MARTYR-HERO OF THE REVOLUTION

WITH A HALE GENEALOGY AND HALE'S DIARY.

By CHARLOTTE MOLYNEUX HOLLOWAY.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
A. L. BURT, PUBLISHER.

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

Copyright, 1899,
by
F. Tennyson Neely,
in
United States
and
Great Britain.

All Rights Reserved.

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."—Page 159. *Nathan Hale.*

1193871

# NATHAN HALE.

## CHAPTER I.

SELDOM had there been a more gloriously beautiful day even in the month of the poet's song, of flowers and sunshine, than was the 6th of June, 1755. The sun shone with a steady warmth agreeably tempered by the west wind which sent scurrying whiffs of perfume from the roses on its every breath and the birds sang in the leafy bowers with the joyous fullness and triumph of the spring, whose promise was beginning to mature into fulfillment. From the hour that the first pale tinge of pink streaked the gray sky, the thrifty New England

farmers had been busy in the fields, and though they silently drank in the elixir of the sparkling day, there was small converse about its beauty. But practical though they were when they paused to rest, now and then it was with deep enjoyment that they beheld the freshness and loveliness of the earth.

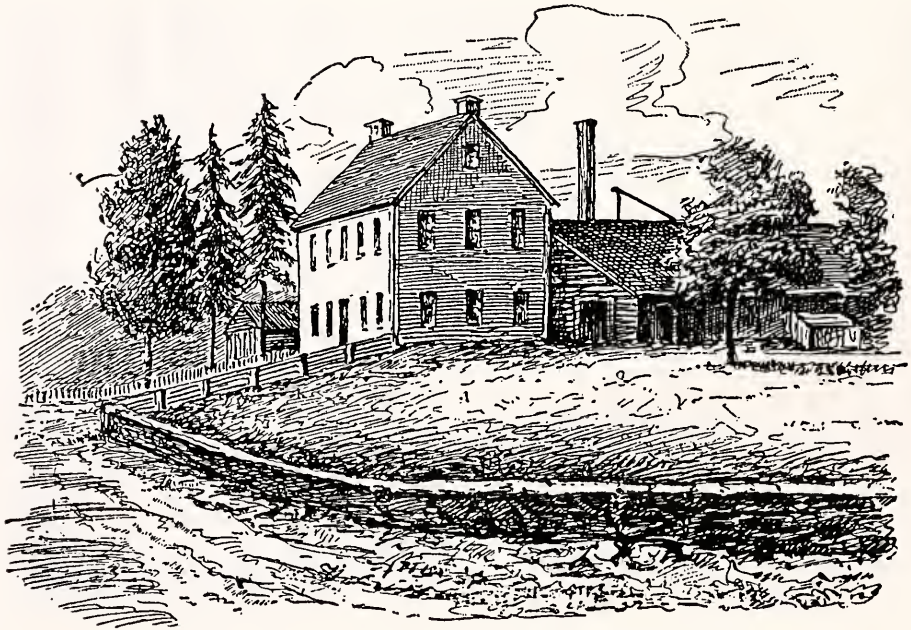
There were few more productive farms in Connecticut than that of Deacon Richard Hale of Coventry, and though he would have spurned anything that approached pride, he often felt that the Lord had been exceedingly good to him, for had he not blessed him in flock and children and made all to which he put his hand prosper?

His was indeed a fine farm, nobly set where it commanded a view of the country for miles around, and where its

well-tilled fields could be seen by those who often rode from the city to make visits or on pleasure bent. His men respected him and accorded him a certain measure of love, but he was a man who exacted everything due to him as he gave unto others all that was theirs. In the church he was a pillar, a man of sense and eminence, who spoke only when he had something to say and whose godliness was of the right flavor. In affairs of the body politic his counsel was also esteemed, and he had served in many offices of honor and settled many disputes which else had gone to the courts. But though all conceded his justness and merit few there were who could express for him that ready friendship which is at the service of the man of genial disposition.

Much of the sternness of his character was due to training and the belief that as grandson of a minister he should always preserve a demeanor and lead a life that should exemplify the teachings of his ancestors. That in his family his will was law has been proved by the stern insistence with which he followed his plan of having his son Nathan submit to his choice of a profession for him.

The deacon was out in the fields with his men this 6th of June, and though he was working as diligently as ever, it was noticeable that anxiety disturbed the usual serenity of his face, and he made frequent trips back to the house, returning from each with the same expression. He was bending over a furrow when a woman ran hastily from the kitchen down the long slope to the fields and



THE BIRTHPLACE OF NATHAN HALE, COVENTRY, CONN.

called to him breathlessly and joyously:

"You are a fortunate man, Deacon Hale, for your sixth son is so fine and lusty a boy that Elizabeth already pronounces him her finest child."

The deacon dropped his hoe and looked over his small brigade.

"The Lord be praised for the mother and the child. Let him be a worthy servant. You may leave off working this day and do as you will with your time."

As he turned to the house the dame, half-running at his side, queried:

"He will be named for you, won't he, deacon? It is time that one of your blood received your name."

The deacon shook his head.

"He shall be called after that righteous and patriotic man, my kinsman Nathan,

and I shall be well pleased if he have as high a sense of duty."

Well would it have been for him had he known that in Coventry, not the least among the villages of Connecticut, was ushered into the world on that peaceful June day, a soul so noble, so true, so filled with high purpose and resolve that the world was to marvel and acknowledge its grandeur and greatness. Perhaps it might have caused the stern heart to show its love more strongly had he known the future of that child now resting on the mother's breast.

For the childhood of Nathan Hale, though not in any sense strictly unhappy, was not as full of pleasure as that of other children. He was under the sway of the will which so thoroughly dominated his mother that in the twenty-

three years of their union she had never opposed Deacon Hale. Nevertheless, though gentle and yielding, her spirit was far from being weak. She was a woman of exceptionally fine character with a bent toward literature, an idealism in her composition strongly contrasting with her husband's intensely practical nature.

Elizabeth Strong came of a very good family, and when she married Deacon Hale she was a very beautiful girl of eighteen, whose character was tinged with thoughtfulness, gentle and steadfast, devoted to books, and though not as buxom as other maidens, one whom the many and fast pressing cares of married life did not overcome, but only developed. She believed most devoutly in the strictest observance of the Sabbath,

but often it sorely grieved her heart to have her husband repress her children's youthful joy, and where she could she modified his decrees. The deacon had long prayers at breakfast, dinner and supper and after the latter he required his household to be assembled in the great living room, where he read the Scriptures and had more prayers. Promptly to bed at 9 o'clock was the command and out of it about 4. He was an indefatigable worker, and it is related of him that one time when his men were piling hay upon a cart he thought they did not do it fast enough nor press down the load sufficiently, so he sprang to the top himself and worked with such energy that his cry: "More hay, more hay!" came so fast that it taxed them to keep up. But at length the overloaded pyra-

mid toppled, covering him completely. He jumped up, gasping and looking at their laughing faces, scrambled back and cried again: "More hay, more hay!"

At evening it might be expected that his tired frame succumbed readily to sleep. He was opposed to all kinds of games, fearing their after effect and forbade the boys to use the morris board, and in order that they might not evade his prohibition he used to sit with the candle in his grasp. But he soon fell asleep and the lads, Nathan included, brought the board and played by the light he held, one keeping watch against his waking.

## CHAPTER II.

YOUNG Nathan was not as strong in his early infancy as the promise of his birth foretold, and he naturally received more attention from his mother and Grandmother Strong, the latter an exceptionally fine character. They early perceived there was something more than common in this lad, and the grandmother set to work to cultivate his mind. It was a grateful relief to the mother, to whom new babes came so fast that there was no opportunity to give him all the attention she longed to bestow. Nevertheless, the women decided that it was only just that the lad be given the advantages of a college education and be

prepared for it. The father had no such idea. He intended the two elder boys should go to Yale and become ministers, but for Nathan he had different plans. However, the women were decided and he yielded on the condition that Nathan be a minister, too.

He was sent to study with Dr. Joseph Huntington, a member of the Norwich Huntington family, a man of great erudition, noble in character and sweet in disposition. It may be imagined that he took particular care of Nathan's education, for he was the pastor of the deacon's church, and he loved besides, with exceeding delight, a promising scholar, and he had in this boy one who studied most diligently.

But it must not be inferred that Nathan's zeal for his books caused him

to become a pale, studious lad, who pored over them incessantly. He was passionately fond of an outdoor life and became not only a proficient but a leader in all games of skill and strength. He was a general favorite, for he was the best fisher and hunter in the neighborhood, and often gave pleasure to others by fashioning for them rods and other sporting implements. In running, leaping, wrestling, in fact, all manly sports, he excelled and his unfailing good nature prevented envy. His mental development kept pace with his athletic, and he was ready for college at the age of sixteen and passed an examination that gave intense satisfaction to his reverend preceptor.

The change from the quiet country to the life, interest and stimulus of New

Haven was a great one for the boy. His beloved, gentle mother had passed away in his twelfth year, having borne twelve children, ten of whom were living at her death. His father, according to the custom of the times had soon remarried, for it was a necessity that he have some one to manage his household. His second wife was the Widow Adams, and he added her brood of children to his own and cared for them with equal conscientiousness. Though Nathan had respect and affection for his stepmother, he soon felt more love for her children, and the advent of this new element soon made a change in the household. It became brighter and there was, despite the deacon, a perceptible lessening of strict control.

Not that his authority was overthrown.

There was too strict bringing up in the Adams family to countenance anything that would savor of an open revolt, but as in many cases the influence of the second wife was more inclined to leniency than that of the first, although she was, too, a very devout and God-fearing woman. The introduction of so many new inmates made the farmhouse a place of greater attraction, and particularly did the Hale children like the brightness and good nature of their stepbrothers and sisters.

It was evident from the first that the second son of the deacon, John, was decidedly impressed by the good looks and qualities of Sarah Adams, and his courtship having the full sanction of both parents, he was married to her December 19, 1771, when he was in his twenty-

fourth year. But however winsome and lovable the nature of Sarah, she was never the popular favorite that her sister Alice became. Alice was very beautiful, of petite and exquisite figure, rather below the middle stature, with a light, elastic walk, a fine, open, intellectual countenance, with regular features and a brow that inspired the most enthusiastic admiration in all who beheld her. She had large hazel eyes, mild, sweet, peculiarly attractive, and filling those upon whom they rested with a sense of the loftiness and yet thoroughly social character of their owner. Her hair was beautifully black and glossy and worn in natural ringlets, while her arms and neck would have served as models for a sculptor. Apart from her rare personal charms she was endowed with a mind of

great depth and penetration, an intellect which made her society eagerly sought by men like President Dwight of Yale and the great circle of educated and cultured men and women whom she drew about her when she lived in Hartford.

It may readily be perceived that there would be attraction between two such natures, and as Alice was nearly Nathan's own age, being but two years his junior, they often pursued their sports and studies together; for Alice Adams had the same love of study and easily mastered matters deemed far too deep for woman's brain.

When he went to Yale he had won from her a promise to write to him frequently and that she fulfilled the promise there is no doubt. Her letters were among the dearly cherished possessions

which the brute Cunningham so ruthlessly tore to pieces when the hero fell into his tender clutches. She always saved Nathan's to her, though at the period of her marriage to Ripley she must have destroyed those earlier ones.

## CHAPTER III.

While at college, Nathan gratified his love of athletics by taking a greater interest in the games of the day and his record as the breaker of all previous ones in jumping was long cherished in the college. He aroused all whom he met to the same enthusiasm as himself, almost by the force of his personal magnetism. He made the Linonian Society a new force and sustained his part in it with great credit. Though he was the general favorite in college, there were, of course, certain men whom he drew into the bonds of close intimacy. Among these were Benjamin Tallmadge, Roger

Alden, John P. Wyllis, Thomas Mead, Elihu Marvin, William Robinson and Ezra Samson. Indeed, the number of his college friendships might include all who knew him and were won by the good nature, modesty, willingness to admit the worth in others' opinions while maintaining his own, that characterized him. Among the faculty he was as great a favorite, for he had won their hearts by his deference to superior knowledge, his eagerness to learn, his manly sincerity and deep feeling and the remarkable nature of his intellect.

New Haven society welcomed him to its homes with cordial hospitality, and he was there one of the most warmly sought and desired, and helped greatly by his suggestion and aid.

Despite all this he was a most prodi-

gious worker, always living up to his maxim, "A man ought never to lose a minute." Not content with standing high in his studies he persuaded his classmates to form an epistolary class, in which each exchanged letters, dealing with the topics of their studies, the questions of the day, and literature, and each was at liberty to criticise the other and argue whatever seemed to admit a controversy. The criticisms of Hale were always shown to be full of justice, fine discrimination and were given in a style which was astonishing for its ease and elegance. He was a very ready and fluent speaker, with a wonderful mastery of words and reasons, fond of logical argument and delighting in debate. It was this which made him think he would have a better success in another

vocation than that chosen by his father for him. He had a most impressive presence, a beautifully clear and musical voice, and the speeches which he made in the Linonian Society are preserved as models.

He made visits to his home and during the long vacation did not disdain to help his father in the fields. He became more and more in love with Alice and before his return, prior to his graduation told her this. She frankly responded to his affection, but it was left to the deacon's approval, which neither doubted would be forthcoming. To the grief and astonishment of all he peremptorily forbade them to think of the matter, insisted there should be no renewal of the subject after he dismissed it, chiding Nathan for such thoughts ere he left

school and declaring there should be no more marriages within the family, and that for the youth to marry at all till he had been some years a minister would be a mistake. Nothing his wife could do would alter his mind.

Nathan went back with a heavy heart. He did not specially care for the pulpit, for his sense of reverence was so deep that he believed unless he had a strong predilection for the career it would be wrong for him to enter upon it. Personally he rather inclined to the bar and the ready speech, sound reasoning and quick wit that were his well fitted him for that profession.

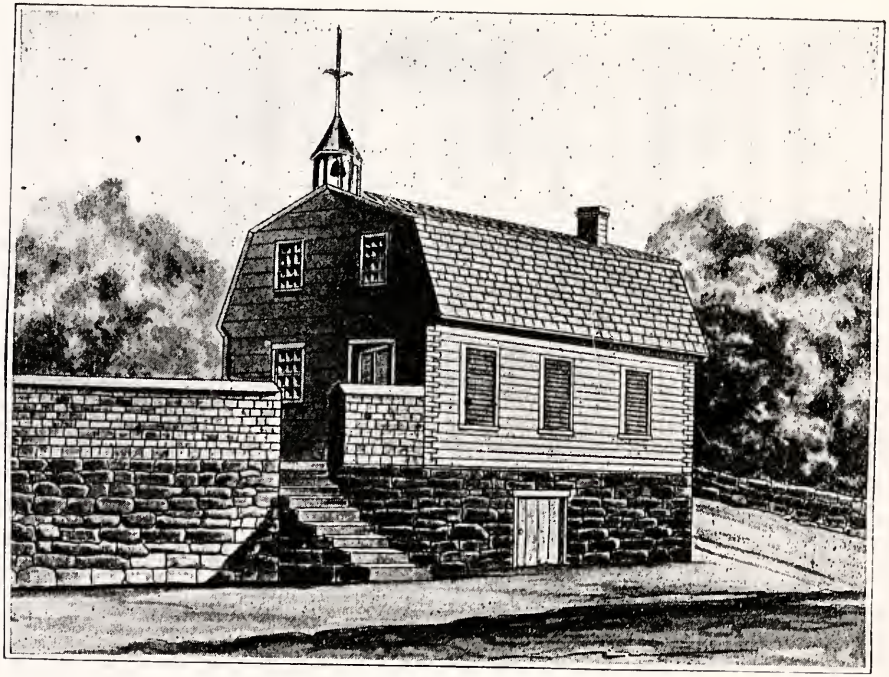
The graduating exercises of the class of 1773 were more than usually interesting and attracted a large number of ladies, for after taking part in a Latin

debate with Tallmadge, William Robinson and Ezra Samson, Nathan Hale was affirmative speaker on the question, "Whether the education of daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than that of sons," and he paid such glowing tributes to woman that his side won amid rapturous applause.

Honorably anxious to become self-supporting as soon as he could, he immediately accepted the offer of a school in East Haddam, which was then a far more important place than it has ever been since, and whose people, quiet and hospitable, found great delight in the society of the amiable and vivacious young master. But though he discharged his duties most diligently and faithfully and was heartily in love with the picturesque and beautiful surround-

ings, and his mind was captured by the Indian legends in which the town abounds, he was not content to remain within its circumscribed bounds, and he was constantly on the lookout for a more active and larger field.

He succeeded in 1773-74 in entering into correspondence with the proprietors of the Union Grammar School, New London. They had but recently erected a fine school structure on their principal street, standing where the present Crocker House has been erected. It was incorporated in October, 1774, by the General Assembly on the petition of the twelve proprietors who stated that they "had erected a commodious schoolhouse and for several years past had hired and supported a schoolmaster." It was their petition for incorporation which at-



Union Grammar School, New London, Conn., in which Nathan Hale first taught school, 1774.

tracted the notice of Hale and the information that the school would furnish a thorough English education, would be kept at a high grade, would teach Latin and was really a preparatory academy for college, stimulated him to gratify his student heart. The proprietors, on the other hand, were delighted to secure so fine a scholar and such a perfect gentleman; so a call was unanimously extended to him and he left East Haddam in the spring of 1774, and began his work in New London. His school numbered about seventy boys at seventy pounds a year, half being prepared for college; and he also had in the morning from 5 till 7 a class of young ladies who paid him six shillings apiece. He believed in making every moment of his time valuable and found a variety of employment.

Then there were some boys to whom he gave lessons outside of his school hours. In addition to his school work he spent much time in conducting scientific experiments, and a considerable portion of the money he earned in acquiring a library in the branches in which he was interested.

He found the social atmosphere of New London very much to his liking. He lived very simply, in accordance with his tastes rather than his income, which would be considered a fair one in those days. His clothing was always fitting to a gentleman in his position and he was neat to the verge of fastidiousness. In person he was remarkably handsome, being finely proportioned and of a very graceful and dignified bearing. He was five feet ten in height, with a broad, full

chest, a fine, nobly browed face with regular, intelligent features, large, penetrating blue eyes and an abundance of light brown hair. Passionately fond of athletic sports he soon won the hearty respect of the athletic youth of New London by his feats, the more as they were attempted in no spirit of bravado. Samuel Green, one of his pupils, was so impressed by the achievements of Hale that he preserved a record. He said that he would put his hand on a fence as high as his head and clear it easily in a bound, jump from the bottom of one empty hogshead over and into another and from the bottom of this over and down into a third and out of that like a cat. His face was remarkable for its combined expression of intelligence and good humor, dignity and ingenuousness.

He had marks on his forehead, where powder had flashed into the skin and a large hair mole in his neck, just where the knot came, had made his youthful companions often tell him he would be hanged.

With his quick discernment, swift perception of the humorous, delight in society, abundance of good suggestions and works, together with his steadfast and loyal friendship, it is no wonder that wherever he went he speedily became a center of admiration and love. With all his good fellowship there was a dignity and decision of character which never failed to impress all, and he had a sincere respect for religion which endeared him to those whose age, inclinations and occupation forbade participation in the gayeties of youth. Though he had made

no protestations of religion, no one was more prompt and constant in attendance on church nor more attentive a listener to discourses which it may be suspected often tired the intellect of the young man.

That he appreciated his new field can be gathered from his letters to his uncle and schoolmates. To the former, teaching in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he wrote September 24, 1774:

"My own employment is at present the same that you have spent your days in. I have a school of thirty-two boys, about half Latin, the rest English. The salary allowed me is seventy pounds per annum. In addition to this I have kept during the summer a morning school between the hours of 5 and 7, of about twenty young ladies, for which I have received six shillings a scholar by the quarter. The people with whom I live are very

free and generous; many of them are gentlemen of sense and merit. They are desirous that I would continue and settle in the school, and propose a considerable increase of wages. I am much at a loss whether to accept their proposals. Your advice in this matter coming from an uncle and a man who has spent his life in the business, would, I think, be the best I could receive. A few lines on this subject, and also to acquaint me with the welfare of your family, if your leisure will permit, will be much to the satisfaction of your most dutiful nephew,

"NATHAN HALE."*

* "Possessing genius, taste and ardor," writes Sparks, "he became distinguished as a scholar, and endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits were joined gentleness of manner, an ingenuous disposition, and vigor of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity, the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors."

1193871

## CHAPTER IV.

HALE's letters show the feeling that was entertained for him only they are very modest in the hinting of what his contemporaries so enthusiastically witnessed. In writing to his college mate, Roger Alden, from New London, May, 2, 1774, he said:

"I am at present in a school in New London. I think my situation preferable to what it was last winter. My school is by no means difficult to take care of—it consists of about thirty scholars, ten of whom are Latiners, and all but one of the rest are writers. I have a very convenient schoolhouse and

the people are kind and sociable. I promise myself some more satisfaction in writing and receiving letters from you than I have as yet had. I know of no stated communication, but without doubt opportunities will be much more frequent than while I was at Moodus."

Of course, it would have been singular if he had not written poetry, but the poetical effusions which his finely balanced brain sent out were generally in answer to rhymed messages from his friend, Tallmadge, then located at Wethersfield. His were always gently satirical and full of fun, and as far as poetry went quite as worthy the name as some which passes current to-day.*

* "Always employed about something," testifies Mrs. Lawrence, "he was ingenious and persevering." "When his head was not at work, his hands, were," says Stuart, whose beautiful and sympathetic "Life of Hale" was the means of calling general attention to

Hale's unceasing activity was source of wonder to all who knew him in New London, but he had need to keep both brain and hand at work to prevent the heart sickness which was his from manifesting itself. His nature was essentially noble, his mind calm and clear, and he knew the best antidote to the trouble which otherwise would have crushed him.

---

his fine character and noble patriotism. During one of his college vacations he made a large and beautiful powder horn which was in the possession of William Roderic Lawrence, of Hartford, Connecticut, in 1856. He was the grandson of Mrs. Lawrence, Nathan's love, and received it from his father to whom it was given by Deacon Richard Hale. "He put a peculiar concentration and zest to everything he undertook. He used to say, in jest to the girls in the Coventry home that he could do everything but spin."

Col. Samuel Green, talking to Stuart of Hale said: "He was a man peculiarly engaging in his manners. These were mild and genteel. The scholars, old and young, were attached to him. They loved him for his tact and amiability. He was wholly without severity and had a wonderful control over boys. He was

In both Stuart's history and Lossing's accounts of Hale it is stated his dearly loved Alice did not marry till after his death when she wedded Eleazar Ripley, who left her a widow at the age of eighteen, with one child. She subsequently married, after the death of her child, William Lawrence, of Hartford, Connecticut. She lived in this city till her death, September 4, 1845, aged eighty-eight.

---

sprightly, ardent, and steady, had a fine moral character and was respected highly by all his acquaintances. The school he taught was owned by the first gentlemen in New London, all of whom were exceedingly gratified by Hale's skill and assiduity." With this agrees the testimony of Mrs. Elizabeth Poole, of New London, who, as Miss Betsy Adams, was an inmate of the family with whom Hale lodged. "His capacity as a teacher and the mildness of his mode of instruction were highly appreciated both by parents and pupils. He was peculiarly free from the shadow of guile. His simple, unostentatious manner of imparting right views and feelings to less cultivated understanding was unsurpassed by that of any individual who at the period of her acquaintance with him or after, fell under her observation."

This latter is true, but Alice Adams was born in Canterbury, Connecticut, in 1757, and at the time of Nathan Hale's death was eighteen years old and a widow. Further than this she was his espoused wife as could have been easily seen if the letters which passed between them had been preserved. But the miniature and letters of Hale which she possessed unaccountably disappeared, and we know that the brute Cunningham destroyed all that Nathan had with him at the time he fell into his hands. The camp book which she had and his camp basket were preserved.

Despite the fact that Alice Adams was driven to marry Elijah, not as erroneously stated, Eleazar, Ripley, by her stepfather, Deacon Hale, her heart was true to her first and only love always

during her life, for as her spirit was passing away she murmured: "Write to Nathan."

Richard Hale saw with pride the promising career of the son who seemed likely to make the name illustrious, and he firmly resolved that no boyish love should be permitted to stand in the way. He sincerely believed that his action was for the best and his conscience assured him that the wisdom of a father could best be relied upon to promote the interests of a son.

Fond as he was of his stepdaughter, Alice, and he really was fond of her, and as much as his own child's were her interests in his heart, he decided she would gain nothing if the attachment she had formed for Nathan were permitted to deepen. He was sure it was best for her

to marry some one who could at the beginning support her in decent pride and whose advance would not be retarded by marriage. Also he had some notion, never clearly explained, that it was better not to have any more marriages in a family, which was under the same roof tree. He had peremptorily forbidden Nathan and Alice to think of marriage with his consent; now he interdicted all communication.

In those days and to a gentle, loving spirit, such as Alice's, the idea of defiance to parental will was utterly abhorrent. The youth or maiden who could do so would have been looked upon as flying in the face of Divine Providence, and deserving of some swift and certain retribution. Therefore, when he selected from her numerous admirers one Elijah

Ripley, a merchant of Coventry, irreproachable in habits and promising in business, and commanded Alice to look upon him with favor, she did not dare to do more than utter a remonstrance and reiterate her love. But she was convinced by his arguments that love for Nathan and pride in his progress demanded that she be no bar, therefore she yielded to her stepfather's commands and importunities and agreed to place what was thought would be a most effectual barrier between them.

She was not seventeen. Her mother took the same view as her husband. She thought it would be an aid to Hale and she smothered her own feelings and married Ripley in December, 1773.

Whatever her feelings she made him a most dutiful wife, but the union was not

long, for in little more than a year, Ripley was dead, and the young widow and her infant child returned to the shelter of the Hale homestead.

Alice Ripley was no longer a child. To her had come woman's intuition and knowledge, and she knew that Nathan was the only person whom she could ever love. She saw how futile it was to hope to take his image from her heart, and she believed that he was still true to the Alice he had loved. She was no longer under obligation to obey, and she wrote to him fully and frankly.

## CHAPTER V.

But to go back to Hale. It must be imagined what a bitter blow was the deacon's decision. He did not submit without a protest. He wrote and explained that it would not be many years before he would be able to take care of a wife. He did not ask for immediate marriage, indeed, the incentive that Alice would be his only when he had shown that he was able to receive her would be the greatest help to him. He even got his uncle to write to his father, saying that the young man would work the better if he knew the reward of a wife was to be his. But this was not what the deacon wanted.

Nothing would change his mind. He wrote lengthily on the need of obeying parents and forbidding Nathan to come home. And he hurried matters.

Nathan was not present at the wedding. It would have been impossible for him to have concealed his contempt for Ripley, who was unmanly enough to marry one who, as he knew, did not love him. And he was not strong enough to pierce his own heart.

For Alice he entertained only the most sincere compassion and profound pity after the first sharp pang of torture. He knew in his very soul that she loved him and his knowledge of her nature told him one of the greatest miseries of her situation was the endeavor to comply with her duty to Ripley.

Alice, he reasoned, with that sublime

overlooking of self which exalted him above personal sorrow, had a far harder part than he, for she had not the occupation or chance to let other interests divert her thoughts which he had. Often as he sat in the schoolroom after his pupils were dismissed his thoughts must have gone to Coventry to Alice, not with an unrighteous love, but in picturing of the life that was hers.

Outwardly there was no apparent change in him. His classmates who knew of his attachment received no expressions of repining or regret. He knew his duty, and he was prepared to do it with stoical firmness. His father, who had so thwarted his hopes, received the same dutiful letters as of yore, though they must have shown a lack of the warmth of hopeful love.

The people of New London, fortunately, knew nothing of his story. That was a great help to him and after the first stunning blow his practical, healthy nature forbade anything of the misanthrope and for this as well as other reasons he took active part in society.

Very agreeable it was. New London in the days preceding the Revolution was a place of great importance, then as now important as a place of communication between the eastern and middle colonies, and then, as not now, the resort of ships of all nations. It had an immense coast trade and intercourse with the South and imports and exports to Europe. The wharves were flanked by rows of warehouses. The harbor was always animated, and the merchants operated on a scale of magnitude few have at-

tempted since. The importance of the place was duly recognized by the British, as was also the independent spirit of its inhabitants. They had taken an active interest in the fight in behalf of freedom from the day they had received the famous resolutions of the Boston aldermen not to use certain articles made in England. A copy had been forwarded to New London, and it was laid before the town, December 28, and referred to a committee of fifteen, comprising among others Gurdon Saltonstall, Richard Law, and Nathaniel Shaw. The committee had drawn up a subscription which was generally signed and all the articles interdicted in the Boston resolutions were scrupulously avoided.

In December, 1770, the town had sent as delegates to the grand convention of

the colony, held in New Haven, Gurdon Saltonstall, William Hillhouse, Nathaniel Shaw, Jr, and William Manwaring, and in June, 1774, when the edict of Parliament shutting up the port of Boston took effect, New London was ablaze with patriotic indignation.

The *Connecticut Gazette*, the newspaper published by the Greens, had been active in stimulating the fire of liberty in the hearts of its inhabitants; indeed, it was the boldest in Connecticut in its utterances, and the first in the colonies to publish the immortal and prophetic speech of noble Colonel Barre, whose designation of the Americans as "Sons of Liberty" gave to the colonists a fitting name for the bands which did such noble missionary service in the exciting days just antedating the Revolution.

By the impassioned eloquence and strong argument of the many articles contributed to it by Stephen Johnson of Lyme, a minister of God, it had been doing much to make the people undertake their duty. When the title "Sons of Liberty" was published in the *Gazette*, there was at once a society formed in New London and Windham counties, and when the odious Stamp Act was attempted to be put into force, it was they who marched to Hartford and compelled the agent to resign.

On the 27th of June, 1774, a town meeting was held, with Richard Law in the chair, and a committee of five appointed to correspond with other towns and see that all stood by each other and adhered to the cause of liberty. In December, to the committee, Richard Law, Gurdon

Saltonstall, Nathaniel Shaw, Jr., Samuel Parsons, were added John Deshon and William Coit and a committee of inspection was appointed to take care that the acts of the Continental Congress held in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, be absolutely and *bona fide* adhered to.

The New Londoners had early determined to buy no tea, but take Labrador tea, made from the *Ceanothus Americanus* instead, but some salesmen having received consignments from Great Britain, a council was called of the boldest and most patriotic spirits in the town and the tea was taken from them, the zealous adding their own private stores and a grand bonfire was made on the parade in the winter of '73–74. There was a determined effort to do without everything made in the Mother Country,

and at all the parties, "liberty parties" they were called, all the ribbons, flowers and fabrics of British manufacture were discarded completely.

To this hotbed of patriotism young Hale had come, and be sure that ardent spirit, by inclination and tradition and inheritance inclined to liberty, was at once fired with zeal, and he became one of the most interested in the work of making the whole town patriotic to the core.

It was not as easy a task as might be imagined, for there were many loyalists in New London, some of them among the wealthiest families, and they were incessant in their urging that things be conducted with moderation and the Mother Country be permitted every opportunity to adjust the difficulties. But

the larger number of the leading families were in favor of liberty, such as the Mumfords, Manwarings, Shaws, Laws, Coits, Deshons, Prentices, Chapmans, Parsons, Hillhouse and Green, the printer, whose paper, the *Connecticut Gazette*, was foremost in the work of stirring up the colony. Hale was a welcome addition to the young people's gatherings, and while he was always ready to form one of any gathering, and entered fully into the spirit of the most festive, he was equally a favorite with the elders; for his deference and the maturity of his mind caused him to be consulted, and his ease and clearness of utterance, the happy ability to say exactly what was needed at the right time, rendered him invaluable in the debates which were constantly arising.

## CHAPTER VI.

HALE was greatly interested in the companies which were early formed in New London, and he intended as soon as he found there was actual need of men to resign his school and go to the front. He had thought deeply on the matter, and he wrote both to his father and his betrothed. From both he received assurance of approval; the letters of neither are to be found, unfortunately, but there is substantial evidence of the strong patriotism of the elder Hale. Even were it otherwise the strong decision of character which marked Nathan would have led him to decide as his devotion to country inclined even at risk

of losing his father's favor. But patriotism ran in the Hale blood. His kinsman, for whom he had been named, had died fighting for the colonies and England at Louisburg, and he had heard often the story of his bravery and death. His brothers were full of the spirit and eager to help the work of the Sons of Liberty, and his father, despite his strict ideas of submission to the powers in authority, had all the Puritan hatred of oppression, and would have gone himself to the field if he had been able.

He quickly gave his consent and blessing, and all through the long war sent liberally of his substance, instructing the girls of the family to furnish all the cloth that they could, and himself was ever on the lookout to help any soldiers who might be passing, and ask them to

come in and partake of his refreshments. The girls sent many bundles of clothing to the soldiers and in various ways the patriotism of the deacon told for his country.

It may be imagined there was considerable talk and discussion of the arbitrary actions of the government in New London, always noted for its freedom and boldness of speech. The files of the *Connecticut Gazette*, even as far back as 1771, were evidences of the feeling of the community, for on one page, after a most reverential summary of the latest facts concerning the royal family, there would appear a long and learned dissertation on the Romans, or the rights of man, or something that to those already chafing under restrictions must have meant a great deal. But the thought of

independence had not been breathed. It might have had its germ in some brains, but speech had never been on anything more than compelling recognition of rights.

Hale doubtless trained with the militia companies that were raised in the town, though there is no mention of the fact in his correspondence. That he did is to be taken for granted, else he would not have been able to give such instruction and been such a valued officer when the actual hostilities broke out. And he doubtless sent many a pointed argument to the paper which led up to the proper understanding of liberty.

All the time he attended most zealously to the duties of his position. His school was a model and his boys were all his devoted lovers. He combined

with his firmness a rare sweetness of temper which caused him never to lose control of himself and governed as much by love as anything else.

The New London patriots were eagerly watching the trend of events in Massachusetts and knew it would not be long before there would be call for all that they could do. The feeling in this colony toward the king's officers was very bitter, but the latter had never dared to go to the lengths of the men in the other colonies, for from the very first there was a comprehension that the Connecticut spirit would not stand too much badgering. The New London people were well aware of the importance of their town and early discussed its fortification in case of hostilities.

It was a particularly bright and beau-

tiful day, succeeding that epoch-making 19th of April, 1775. The scholars were all in their places and the master was deep in one of his own calculations when there went through the assembly a sudden electric thrill, and all turned and looked instinctively toward the windows. One was open and through it came the sound of eager, excited voices, a murmur that increased and seemed to grow deeper and greater in volume. The boys looked wistfully toward the master.

Hale had felt the same warning premonition, but the instinct of discipline was sufficient to hold him in his place though every fiber ached to be out, and a part of the work he knew with prophetic insight had begun.

Some of the boys had arisen, expecting that the increasing excitement would be

warrant in his eyes for their infraction of discipline, but he firmly bade them resume their places and finish their work.

Disappointedly they did so, thinking the long session would have to be served out to the end, but Nathan Hale was no martinet and he felt the promptings in these young breasts might come from higher cause than curiosity; so after the first lessons had been ended he dismissed the school and was soon on the street.

The schoolhouse door closed, his whole manner changed. He was a comrade of his boys, and he laughed a little as he saw the eager race toward the parade, where now were gathered a dense throng.

"I can give you a good run," he said to Richard Law, one of his pupils and the two, master and boy, ran with the

odds in favor of the trained athlete till they reached the outskirts of the crowd. It was impossible to get in through the crowd which seemed to be pressing on the narrow space surrounding King George's statue, and as they gazed they saw that a man on horseback was the object of all the attention, and that he was hoarsely speaking. The dense throng was perfectly silent, and as Hale again and again tried to draw the attention of his neighbors his touch was unheeded, so tensely were all faculties strained to catch the least sound.

At length the murmuring voice ceased and a great shout went up. The spell was broken.

"I pray you, sir," said Hale anxiously to a portly old gentleman taking snuff in such excitement that he spilled it all on

his shirt ruffle, "tell me what it is all about?"

"Haven't you heard? 'Tis an express from Lexington, where the British have fallen on our brothers and sought to cut them in pieces!"

"It has come, then!" said Hale. "How——"

"Hush, hush, he is going to speak—no, no, he is falling from his saddle; bear a hand, there, easy, easy, this way, this way; noble fellow, here, bring him into the tavern. Give him something to revive him. No wonder, such a ride."

These were the messages which, with numerous comments and commands, ran from lip to lip and the crowd parted and the limp figure of the messenger was borne to the tender services that awaited him.

Then a man mounted the long seat that stood under the statue of King George and pointing at the scarlet-coated figure cried: "Is it not a good color? That is the emblem of the bloody tyrant!"

Cheers with a few cries of disapproval burst from the throng and in the midst a clear, authoritative voice cried:

"Attention, friends! Let all who wish to form some plan to meet the circumstances the express from Lexington hath laid before us gather at Miner's Tavern to-night, when it will be discussed what is to be done to help our sister, brave Massachusetts, and keep ourselves from experiencing the hate and tyranny of the enemies of freedom."

"We will all be there!" shouted an able-lunged man, and the looks on other faces showed how clearly he expressed

their sentiments. But some there were who moved off and seemed to be discussing the situation with grave apprehension.

## CHAPTER VII.

When Hale was put in possession of the news brought by the man who had galloped into town, his horse covered with foam, his person thick with mud and had cried out his tidings as he reached the base of the statue, he felt a deep silence take hold upon him. He felt the moment had come that was to be a crucial one in his life. But he also saw at once his duty. The long expected had arrived, and it was only what the friends of freedom, the far-seeing ones who hoped that the breach between the colonies and the Mother Country could never be healed had desired, and

yet there was something so solemn, so tragic in the fact that the spilling of blood had forever divided them, that he walked a moment with bowed head, musing on the decrees of Providence.

He looked into the cloudless sky, he glanced at the fair earth and he felt how beautiful it was to put principle before all, and what a privilege was his to be able to strike a blow for the freedom he had learned to revere in studying the lives of the old heroes and the noble figures of history.

He slowly walked to his lodging and shut himself in with his thoughts, for he felt in the very exaltation of his spirit a strange sensation of almost acute pain.

He knew that he was deliberately going into a struggle that might again bereave him of all hope of happiness.

He had unusual clearness of vision, and he felt that it would be no fight of a few months, but a long and tedious war, and how could he hope to keep Alice waiting all this time?

It would be impossible for another than he to understand the battle he fought in his soul.

The magnitude, the grandeur, the public spirit of Nathan Hale have been fully dwelt on; but have we measured the extent of his self-abnegation? Do we know the fullness of experience, hard and bitter, crowded into that brief life of twenty-one years? Why, at twenty one stands on the threshold of achievement, as it were, and here was one who had run the full gamut of human emotions!

The sacrifice of Nathan Hale can only

be understood by comprehending that which he voluntarily resigned for his country. The breadth and depth of his intellect, his unswerving regard for right, his vivacious and sprightly character, his love of letters and poesy have been chronicled by his college president, his fellows at Yale, his pupils at New London, who, seventy years later, could not mention him without a quivering lip, and by his comrades in the army. Beneath that frank, modest, genial and ingenuous exterior was a soul as lofty, as heroic, as pure, as capable of self-abnegation, as any martyr of sacred writ.

Youth is ardent, impetuous, generous; it longs for fame, it scorns restraint, despises danger. It is not to be marveled at that it rushes to the breach and offers its breast to the enemy's steel. We ad-

mire its bravery and sing its deeds, but in our secret souls we think that it is easier to give a life that has known not the joys of living than the full existence of one loved and loving.

Hale's young heart had thrilled responsive to another love than freedom's; that soul had felt a deeper anguish than often falls to the lot of men. The love of man for God is the instinctive yearning of the separated atom of infinity for reunion; the love of man for his country brings the loftiest attributes of the finite under the directing force of the infinite; the love of man for woman, if it be worthy of the name of love, is the call of soul to soul, the obedience of the created to the noblest behest of the Creator, the essence of divinity and humanity, a force that is immeasurable, a power that

has lifted men to Heaven or whose baffled madness has driven them to lowest depths of despair. Yes, it is indeed easier to risk a life that knows not love or holds not love, for it is like casting aside a priceless volume in ignorance of the treasures in its unopened pages. The heart that has not loved is unawakened, the life that has felt not the bliss or agony of love is a life unlived. True love is essentially noble; it stimulates a man to glorious ambition, to marvelous endurance, it nerves him to meet death for it is always directed by the voice of consience. It was with such a love that Nathan Hale loved, it was with such a love he went to battle for his country, for it taught him that not ambition, nor the world nor passion, should still the voice of duty.

Through the throng gathered at Miner's Tavern, that night, there pushed a supple and erect figure before which all gave way, for, from the resolute eyes and on the pale, clear cut features shone an expression of such high and consecrated purpose that it seemed to many that they had seen something of the inspiration that illumined the countenances of the prophets of old. The Honorable Richard Law had left the chair to make a brief and ringing speech and there was the silence of approval too deep for outburst when Hale asked to be recognized. He ascended the platform and faced that throng and then from his very soul poured that impassioned, moving tide of eloquence that made the men long to be in arms, the women forget their natural reluctance to part with their

dear ones, and those who had come with their infants in their arms raised them on high that they might see the young speaker. He concluded his soul stirring oration with:

"Let us not lay down our arms till we have gained independence!"

"Independence!" It was a new word. It thrilled men's souls, it lighted the fire of liberty and the flame burned quenchless through the disaster and discouragement that bore so heavily at first. It was the touchstone. "Independence!" The thought, not crystalized in men's minds was here given expression. The meeting broke up all animated with the most sincere patriotism, and as hundreds thronged around Hale others discussed the chances of establishing that which he had breathed to them. No more

compromise, no more suing. Independence was the object hereafter.

When Hale returned to his room he thought clearly on the situation, and he knew that he had done what was right. He asked for permission to go with the two companies that were starting for Massachusetts on the morrow and at daybreak they were on the march. They could do nothing but show their sympathy, and after remaining with them a few days he returned before the battle of Bunker Hill in which the New London companies took part, and resigned his position in the following letter:

"GENTLEMEN: Having received information that a place is allotted me in the army, and being inclined, as I hope, for good reasons, to accept it, I am constrained to ask as a favor that which

scarce anything else would have induced me to, which is, to be excused from keeping your school any longer. For the purpose of conversing upon this and of procuring another master, some of your number think it best there should be a general meeting of the proprietors. The time talked of for holding it is 6 o'clock this afternoon, at the school-house. The year for which I engaged will expire within a fortnight, so that my quitting a few days sooner, will, I hope, subject you to no great inconvenience.

"School-keeping is a business of which I was always fond, but since my residence in this town everything has conspire to render it more agreeable. I have thought much of never quitting it but with my life, but at present there seems an opportunity for more extended public service.

"The kindness expressed to me by the people of the place, but especially the proprietors of the school, will always be gratefully remembered by,

gentlemen, with respect, your humble servant, NATHAN HALE.

"Friday, July 7, 1775. To John Winthrop, Esq., Richard Law, Esq., &c., &c."

The company to which Hale was attached was under the immediate command of Major John Latimer. It was part of a regiment ordered by the General Assembly in 1775, for home defense and the defense of the country at large, and until placed under the general-in-chief of the Continental Army, remained subject to the orders of the Connecticut Council of Safety:

John Latimer, major; Nathan Hale, captain after September 1; John Belcher, lieutenant; Joseph Hilliard, lieutenant; Alpheus Chapman, ensign; George Hurlburt, sergeant; Joseph Page,

sergeant; Reuben Hewitt, sergeant; Ezra Bushnell, sergeant; Stephen Prentice, corporal till September 1, then sergeant; Joshua Raymond, corporal; Abraham Avery, corporal; Henry Hilliard, corporal; Zebulon Cheeseborough, corporal; Rammeton Sears, drummer; Robert Latimer, fifer; Robert Latimer, Jr., fifer.

Men in company: William Bacon, Christopher Beebe, Amos Butler, Joseph Brown, David Baldwin, Richard Booge, Charles Brown, Jonathan Bowers, Asa Baldwine, Guy Beckwith, William Carver, James Comstock, Benjamin Comstock, Jr., Simeon Cobb, Fairbanks Church, John Chappell, Benjamin Cheeseborough, Caleb Couts, Reuben Cheamks, George Chunks, Peter Cheeseborough, Edward Clark, James Dennis,

John Dean, John Dennis, Christopher Dean, Enos Greenfield, David Hillhouse, George Habes, Peter Holt, Thomas Hiscox, Elisha Hancock, Elisha Johnson, Joseph Lovatt, David McDowell, Abel Minard, Jabez Minard, Lawrence Martin, Isaac Hammon, Enos Nero, Sias Pawhig, James Ward, John Holmes, William Hatch, Amos Shaw, John Patton, Samuel Woodward, Joseph Peters, Samuel Hix, Jared Stephens, Daniel Talbot, Christopher Woodbridge, Ichabod Young, Jeremiah Dodge.

Seventy-one, including the officers, enlisted in July, and three in August. Three died, Corporal Prentice, November 22, 1775; William Hatch, November 27, and Jonathan Bowers, December 2, 1775. In New York the company was augmented to ninety.

August 3 it was stationed with Captain Shipman's at New London to defend the town from an attack of the British men-of-war, perilously near, and regular watch and guards were kept about the camp. The soldiers were taught all that belonged to soldier life, discipline and instruction being a passion with Hale. On September 4, rumors of British attacks were so frequent and possible that the Council ordered the company to make such intrenchments and fortifications as were needed to thoroughly defend the town, but on the 24th, the company in response to the demand of Washington that all troops raised in Connecticut should be sent to him, was ordered to march immediately to the camp near Boston.

Hale was then two and a half months

attached to the army. He received forty-eight pounds, fifty shillings of enlistment money and sixpence a day as billeting money, all provided out of the Continental stores.

From September 28, 1775, till April, 1776, the Connecticut troops were in the vicinity of Boston, Hale all the time training and exercising his company till it was noted for its proficiency and the attachment of its members to its captain. Washington personally complimented him on the admirable skill of his men, and when the latter, anxious for the pay which was so long withheld, were mutinous and about to return home, he pleaded with them so eloquently and so generously relinquished all his own pay and his private means that, not withstanding the hardships that soon came,

not a murmur was heard from Hale's company afterward, and it was always ready to take a foremost place in danger.

Its station was, indeed, a very perilous and arduous one, for it did picket duty in the most advanced position, where the enemy was continually making sorties and frequent encounters and repulses evidenced the bravery and diligence of the men.

It was for this reason that Hale and some of the members were promptly granted furloughs when he asked for them and he set out in the winter to make a visit to his home and his dearly beloved Alice. He has embodied in his diary some of his difficulties on the way, but there is nothing of the home life and the conversation with his betrothed, for he was peculiarly delicate in writing or

talking of what he held so sacred. On his way back he stopped awhile in New Haven and called on his numerous friends. While in the house of a particularly dear one he disclosed the fact that he had received a commission as captain, and said: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Telling of this visit, the friend, a nautical officer in the Revolution, said:

"These were some of the last expressions I heard fall from his lips. After he had left the house my father said: 'That man is a diamond of the first water, calculated to excel in any station he assumes. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and last, though not least, of his qualifications, a Christian.' "

Hale was indeed the latter. His servant, Asher Wright, testifies that he was

a praying man and never undertook anything without first spending some time in prayer. "When I was ill," said this deeply sorrowing friend and attendant, "he prayed with me and I know that when his first waiter was ill, he prayed daily with him. He recovered, but his father came after him, and Captain Hale was a mind I should take his place. And I did and remained with him till he went onto Long Island."

Others than Asher Wright loved Hale, but none with more devoted, enduring affection. He exulted in the noble qualities of his mind and heart, in his gentleness and firmness and in his personal beauty and prowess. In the pride he took in attending to Hale's belongings he minutely noted the garb in which he last saw him and said:

"He had on a frock of white linen, fringed, such as officers used to wear. He was too good looking to go so. He could not deceive. Some scrubby fellow ought to have gone—Captain Hale went away—was gone about a fortnight before I knew what became of him. When he left us he told me he had got to be gone awhile, and wanted that I should take care of his things, and if the army moved before his return to have them moved too. When he went away he did not tell me where he was going."

Wright took tender care of Hale's effects and to that it was due that his diary, books, and camp basket and camp book were returned to his friends. When he heard of Hale's death his grief was pitiable to behold, and he gave way

to it so unreservedly that his intellect was impaired. Mindful of his master's last request, he sought to keep Hale's effects intact and when the army was moving from New York, though he had great difficulty in finding a conveyance for Hale's property and came near being taken prisoner by the British, he often said he would rather have been captured than save himself by abandoning them.

The fate of Hale left him without a motive, and though he remained in the war, it was some time after his discharge before he returned to Coventry. He eventually drifted back and died there after a long life. He brought to Hale's father all the young hero's effects, including the camp basket and book. The former was made of osier, neatly twined,

divided into two compartments, and in it there is yet the *débris* that Hale left there the last time he used it.

Asher was always willing to talk of his captain, and though it affected him to tears, many truthful and valuable incidents were related by him of the young soldier's brief camp life.

He received a pension of ninety-six dollars a year, and it was supplemented by the tender and assiduous generosity of Deacon Hale and his son, David Hale, of New York, who looked after Wright all his life. He died in 1844, and was buried in a grave about one hundred and fifty feet north of Hale's monument, and about thirty feet northwest of the graves of the Hale family. A plain marble slab bearing this inscription denotes his resting place:

Asher Wright,
A Revolutionary
Soldier and Attendant of
Captain Nathan Hale.
Died
June 20, 1844.
Aged 90.

It must have been happiness to Wright to know he was to lie thus near to the friend and master who had made him feel the nobility and love that binds a man to those in his employ, whatever his station.

STATUE OF NATHAN HALE.
In front of Wadsworth Athenæum, Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

## CHAPTER VIII.

INTENT always on his military duties, Hale never permitted himself to be drawn into any of the games which occupied the attention of other officers. It will be noticed from the record of his diary, which is here given, that he was constantly on the alert to better the state of the service and the condition of his men.

He was a constant visitor at headquarters, where he was a great favorite and he always made a note of any extraordinary circumstance and tried to apply the hints on discipline and military science that he picked up to his own men.

Then he was essentially of a religious temperament. Believing with a complete faith in the efficacy of prayer, he never undertook anything of importance without first sending up a petition for its success. And quietly and by the example of his gentle courtesy and personal cleanliness of life, he sought to make his companion officers better in theirs.

Yet in no way was he what would be called at the present day a "prig."

In his diary he chronicles a number of times that he took wine and played cards with his brother-officers. He had the social temperament so well developed that all the more credit is due to him for the persistence with which he often put aside social pleasures to study out problems connected with his position.

Very little chance was there in his life in these eventful days for thinking of his love and his prospects, but it is to be taken for granted that both were often in his thoughts in the long and lonely duty that was assigned to him. He was very punctual in answering letters from his friends so that it is certain he was equally prompt in writing and answering those from Alice. It is a great pity there is not more detail of this part of his life.

Of the many he wrote, these to his brothers show how he found time to give them intelligence of his health and the movements of the army:

"NEW YORK, May 30, 1776.

"DEAR BROTHER: Your favor of the 9th of May, and another written at Norwich, I have received—the former yesterday.

You complain of my neglecting you—I acknowledge it is not wholly without reason, at the same time I am conscious to have written to you more than once or twice within this half year. Perhaps my letters have miscarried.

"I am not on the end of Long Island but in New York, encamped about one mile back of the city. We have been on the Island and spent about three weeks there, but have returned. As to Brigades: We spent part of the Winter at Winter Hill in Gen'l Sullivan's, thence we were removed to Roxbury and annexed to Gen'l Spencer's; from thence we came to New York in Gen'l Heath's. On our arrival we were put in Gen'l Lord Sterling's; here we continued a few days and were returned to Gen'l Sullivan's; on his being sent to the Northward we were reverted to Lord Sterling's, in whose Brigade we now remain. In the first detachment to the Northward under Gen'l Thomson, Webb's private regiment was put down; but the question being asked if we had

many seamen and the reply being yes, we were erased and another put in our place.

"We have an account of the arrival of Troops at Halifax, thence to proceed on their infamous errand to some part of America.

"Maj'r Brooks informed me last evening, that in conversation with some of the frequenters at headquarters he was told that Gen'l Washington had received a packet from one of the sheriffs of the city of London, in which was contained the Debates at Large of both houses of Parliament—and what is more, the whole proceeding of the Cabinet. The plan of the summer's Campaign in America is said to be communicated in full. Nothing has yet transpired; but the prudence of our Gen'l we trust will make advantage of the intelligence. Gen'l Gates (formerly Adjutant Gen'l, now Maj'r Gen'l) is gone to Philadelphia, probably to communicate the above.

"Some late accounts from the North-

ward are very unfavorable, and would be more so could they be depended on. It is reported that a fleet has arrived in the River; upon the first notice of which our army thought it prudent to break up the siege and retire—that in retreating they were attack'd and rout'd, Numbers kill'd, the sick, most of the cannon and stores taken. The account is not authentic. We hope it is not true.

"It would grieve every good man to consider what unnatural monsters we have, as it were, in our bowels. Numbers in this Colony, and likewise in the western part of Connecticut, would be glad to imbrue their hands in their Country's Blood. Facts render this too evident to admit of dispute. In this city such as refuse to sign the Association have been required to deliver up their arms. Several who refused to comply have been sent to prison.

"It is really a critical Period. America beholds what she never did before. Allow the whole force of our enemy to be but thirty thousand, and these floating

on the Ocean, ready to attack the most unguarded place. Are they not a formidable Foe? Surely they are."

"New York, June 3d, 1776.

"Dear Brother: Continuance or removal from here depends wholly upon the operations of the War.

"It gives pleasure to every friend of his country to observe the health which prevails in our army. Dr. Eli (Surgeon of our Reg't) told me a few days since there was not a man in our Reg't but might on occasion go out with his Fire lock. Much the same is said of other Regiments.

The army is every day improving in discipline, and it is hoped will soon be able to meet the enemy at any kind of play. My company, which at first was small, is now increased to eighty and there is a sergeant recruiting, who, I hope, has got the other 10, which complete the Company.

"We are hardly able to judge as to the numbers the British army for the Sum-

mer is to consist of—undoubtedly sufficient to cause us too much bloodshed.

"Gen'l Washington is at the Congress, being sent for thither to advise on matters of consequence.

"I had written you a complete letter in answer to your last, but missed the opportunity of sending it.

"This will probably find you in Coventry—if so remember me to all your friends—particularly belonging to the Family.

Forget not frequently to visit and strongly to represent my duty to our good Grandmother Strong. Has she not repeatedly favored us with her tender, most important advice? The natural Tie is sufficient, but increased by so much goodness our gratitude cannot be too sensible. I always with respect remember Mr. Huntington and shall write to him if time admits. Pay Mr. Wright a visit for me. Tell him Asher is well—he has for some time lived with me as a waiter. I am in hopes of obtaining him a Furlough soon, that he may

have opportunity to go home, see his friends and get his Summer clothes.

"Asher this moment told me that our Brother Joseph, Joseph Adams, was here yesterday to see me, when I happened out of the way. He is in Col. Parson's regiment. I intend to see him today, and if possible by exchanging get him into my company.

"Yours affectionately,

"N. HALE.

"P.S.: Sister Rose talked of making me some Linen cloth similar to Brown Holland for Summer wear. If she has made it desire her to keep it for me. My love to her, the Doctor, and little Joseph."

"NEW YORK, Aug. 20th, 1776.

"DEAR BROTHER: I have only time for a hasty letter. Our situation has been such this fortnight or more as scarce to admit of writing. We have daily expected an action—by which means, if any was going, and we had letters written,

orders were so strict for our tarrying in camp that we could rarely get leave to go and deliver them—.

"For about 6 or 8 days the enemy have been expected hourly, whenever the wind and tide in the least favored. We keep a particular look out for them this morning. The place and manner of attack time must determine. The event we leave to Heaven. Thanks to God we have had time for completing our works and receiving our reinforcements. The Militia of Connecticut ordered this way have mostly arrived. Col. Ward's Reg't has got in. Troops from the Southward are daily coming. We hope under God to give a good account of the Enemy whenever they choose to make the last appeal.

"Last Friday night two of our fire vessels (a Sloop and Schooner) made an attempt on the shipping up the River.

"The night was too dark, the wind too slack for the attempt. The Schooner which was intendedfor one of the Ships had got by before she discovered them;

but as Providence would have it, she run athwart a bomb-catch which she quickly burned. The Sloop by the light of the former discovered the Phoenix — but rather late—however she made shift to grapple her, but the wind not proving sufficient to bring her close along side or drive the flames immediately on board, the Phoenix after much difficulty got her clear by cutting her own rigging. Serg't Fosdick, who commanded the above sloop, and four of his hands, were of my company, the remaining were of this Reg't.

"The gen'l has been pleased to reward their bravery with forty dollars each, except the last man, who quitted the fire Sloop, who had fifty. Those on board the Schooner received the same. I must write to some of my other brothers lest you should not be at home. Remain, your friend and brother,

"N. HALE,

"Mr. Enoch Hale."

## CHAPTER IX.

When the Connecticut troops joined the army in New York, the diligence and care of his company, the thorough understanding of all things military displayed by Hale, made him sought for by other officers, and there were none of his rank so welcomed in the tents of the generals. He was on terms of personal and intimate friendship with Generals Heath, Sullivan, and Putnam, and the acquaintance he had made with the commander-in-chief through the medium of Trumbull, the beloved "Brother Jonathan" of Washington, had ripened into a deep and understanding feeling on both sides.

The commander-in-chief knew how to gauge and appreciate such talent as Hale possessed, and it was a pleasure to him to converse with the young man so old in his conceptions of important things, so fresh and youthful in his pleasures.

The company with which Hale hoped to do great service was all imbued with his own enthusiasm; he had drilled the men and persuaded them to remain, and they had grown to love and delight in his ability. Therefore when an opportunity for good work came the men were as eager as the daring youth to engage in it.

There was a British ship-of-war, the Asia, anchored in the East River, guarding a sloop laden with supplies. Hale had earnestly and carefully reconnoitered the two and every approach, and

he conceived the idea of stealing the sloop from under the very shadow of the man-of-war. It was a daring and hazardous scheme and required cool and daring men to carry it out. He dared not breathe a thought of his intent to any of his fellow-officers, for he knew the risk might be prohibited; so he had a consultation with his chosen men, and they agreed to carry out his plans.

They assembled just before the moon rose and crossed the river in their own skiff, disturbing the calm waters so little that not a hint was given to the enemy. They landed on the opposite shore and crept down the point nearest to the sloop, preserving the same silence, for they were in hostile territory, and the least sound might bring discovery and death. Then they waited for the spring

moon to go down, neither speaking nor moving in the long watch. Finally, the heavy darkness of early morn settled on all, and the little crew made for the skiff, which was rowed out into the stream, pausing every little while as some fancied sound was cause of alarm.

On board the Asia all was still, though they often heard the monotonous cry of the sentinel: "All's well," as he kept his ward on the quarter deck. The patriots were under the bow of the sloop, in another moment they were over its side and on its deck, and Hale seizing the helm pointed for the American camp, the others keeping watch over the British sailors not yet disturbed in their bunks The sloop gained the wharf even as the faint sound of the Asia's sentinel's "All's well" came over the waters, and

then the brave Hale and his crew gave three loud cheers, which were taken up by the men who quickly gathered on the wharf. The prize was a rich one and won him special thanks, the gift of money to his men and the sense of elation that he had been able to help feed the hungry and clothe the ragged in the camp, adding much to his satisfaction.

It took something out of the usual run to raise the spirits of the Americans in those days. The army had dwindled away by sickness, expiration of term of enlistment and dissatisfaction to about fourteen thousand, many of these unfit for service, raw, unfed, unclothed, all apprehensive. The officers, were, many of them, ignorant of their duties and like their men anxious and disheartened. Nothing but sublime faith in the justice

of the cause could have supported Washington in this dreadful time of doubt and indecision. He did not know how to plan his campaign, for he was utterly ignorant of the tactics that his adversary would adopt, and he shrunk from any movement that would peril the fortunes of the republic, and lose the confidence of the nation, for he well knew that it was rankest folly to suppose he could oppose his raw and undisciplined recruits to the twenty-five thousand perfectly equipped and drilled British veterans so advantageously posted, provided with every need of war and supported by so magnificent a fleet of battleships, and only waiting to move upon the "rebels" to destroy them, as their generals boasted. The patriots, too, had some of the same feeling and the men who were

deserting by regiments and clamoring for their pay from an empty treasury, argued they were not deficient in patriotism, only displaying sense.

## CHAPTER X.

With nothing to fall back upon in the way of stores or defenses it behooved Washington to make his first important movement with the greatest care. But how could he anticipate the British plans? The concern of the enemy seemed to be with feasting and gayety only, but the American general knew that so experienced and able a commander as Howe was not letting his duty to his king suffer. He was formulating his plans, and when they were perfected he would advance and close about his weak and inferior foe, and perhaps scatter the army that stood as the bulwark of freedom.

It can be imagined how long Washington turned over in his mind the probable plans of Howe ere he determined to seek information from the very inside and secure through a spy what he could not otherwise obtain and what he knew would be invaluable aid.

It was not in accordance with his nature to turn to this means until he felt there was no other, and it is to be believed that it was with extreme repugnance he accepted the conclusion that only thus could he gain the knowledge he needed.

He knew how easy it would be for the British general, in full possession—through spies and traitors, of which there was abundance—of his weakness, to surround him, and he resolved if possible to concentrate his force instead of

having it spread over sixteen miles of front. But at what point?

He took his board of officers into consultation and they agreed as to the conclusion though unable to offer any solution of the difficulty, and it was decided that one of them, Colonel Knowlton, should gather the officers together and try to find a volunteer for the hazardous work. It required a man of education and familiarity with drawing and all that draughtsmen should know, for the principal information was to be about the British fortifications, one able to mingle in the society of officers, draw out confidences and form accurate estimate of the numbers, the disposition, the manner of concentration, the ammunition, in fact, everything that military science knew and desired to know.

It was not only a call for a man of great bravery and trustworthiness, but for one who was not only intelligent but determined to leave nothing undone that could give him success.

It was a pity there should have been no honorable name to designate such service.

The very name of spy was odious to honorable men, and no matter how great the services rendered the doer was likely to be held in contempt. And yet there was no reason for this treatment of an honorable man. The spy and traitor, animated by greed and desire for revenge is detestable, but when a man accepts a dishonorable and dangerous task for the sake of his country he is entitled to more honor and admiration than is the desert of the successful general

and the soldier who wins his laurels in the heat of battle.

But when Colonel Knowlton convened his council of officers and asked for volunteers there was a long and unbroken pause, while each man looked at the other, not with questioning whether he would respond, but with inquiry as to how he would receive what was held to be an insult. There was resentment slowly gathering on every face, for men in those days thought it noble to be a soldier in the field, but held it little short of disgrace to seek to pry into an enemy's councils.

Knowlton saw the situation, and he set forth in impassioned language the need of some volunteer, the distress in which the commander-in-chief was, the absolute certainty that without this in-

formation there would be great danger of utter defeat and loss of life.

He concluded, and waited for a volunteer. None stirred, though all acknowledged the force of his reasoning. Still—

He felt his heart sink, and yet he could not blame the men. Just then, a man who had entered after he had concluded his appeal and had gathered from those about him its purport, arose, and said in a voice that was weak with illness but strong in resolve:

"I will undertake it."

"Captain Hale!" exclaimed Hull, his friend and companion, afterward General Hull, "you do not know what you say. You a spy?"

"It is out of the question," cried several. "There is some one other than you for such a service."

"Who?" asked Hale, and there was a shamed-faced silence which was broken by remonstrance as he again declared his willingness. Even Knowlton was sorry that this youth, the pride and darling of the soldiery, should offer himself and tried to extend the hope that some other could be found to perform the required service.

Yet he had nothing on which to base it. He had tried to tempt a French sergeant to essay the service, but had been repulsed with the reply that while he was willing to fight like a man for the republic, he would not expose himself to die the death of a dog.

While his friend and schoolmate, who was overcome with emotion was talking, Hale disengaged himself from their grasp and replied to their arguments in the im-

mortal speech, whose conclusion Hull has given to us:

"I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies—and I know no other mode of obtaining the information than by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my

country demand a peculiar service its claims to the performance of that service are imperious!"

What a different reply from that in the case of André. How noble the feeling, how unselfish, how purely actuated by that noblest of motives, love of his country!

The friends who had hoped to dissuade him from the task they dreaded for him, not so much on account of its danger as of the stigma that defeat would entail, were abashed before such sublime self-abnegation and could only sorrowfully wish him godspeed and pray there would be no necessity for the extreme sacrifice. It was with emotions of pride as well as poignant grief that Hull, his dear friend, listened to his words. And in his heart as in that of every man pres-

ent there entered a new conception of the claims of country.

Hale waited but a little to arrange his thoughts for he was still weak and trembling in body from his recent illness, having actually risen from his bed to come to the gathering, ere he presented himself before the commander-in-chief. He had firmly resolved that whatever objection Washington should advance he would meet with all the force of his conviction and determination, for he knew that the noble-souled chief loved him and might seek to dissuade in the privacy of friendship.

Of what passed between the young captain and the commander-in-chief, who entertained so warm an affection for him there is no means of knowing, but it can be assumed that Washington put

aside his feeling as a soldier and urged him to consider all the dangers and dishonor of the task before undertaking it. And we can also hold fast the thought that Hale met him with respectful firmness and the expression of his desire to do something to aid in this vital crisis.

Their interview was long, and when Hale left Washington's presence it must have been with a long and loving pressure of the hand he was never to grasp again, while to the heart of the general there must have come a bitter thought of the demands of war.

It took Hale some time to arrange his plans; it was in the middle of September that he was ready to go, and armed with the necessary means to obtain all the aid that Americans could give him, and having with him Stephen Hempstead.

of New London, a true and tried friend and companion, he left the army and walked from Harlem Heights to Norwalk, fifty miles up the Sound on the Connecticut shore.

They had got along well, for they were in the friendliest of territory, though here and there were Tories, and they had kept their plans to themselves so well that all whom they met supposed them bound for a visit to their homes. It had been impossible for them before to find any craft that would land them on the opposite shore, for the East River and the Sound were filled with British vessels on the lookout for the Yankee craft that thus early were beginning to sorely harass and annoy them.

At Norwalk, however, they found the armed sloop Huntington, commanded by

Captain Pond, and Hale engaged and prepared to don his disguise, for he was to go as a traveling schoolmaster.

It was the character he could feel most natural in, and the one that would enable him to mingle with men of learning. It was not without some trepidation that Hempstead saw him prepare for the work, for he then realized that now was the beginning of the real danger.

He placed his uniform, his military commission, many of his papers, his silver shoe buckles, in the hands of his friend, but retained his watch and his diploma, for both were to bear out his character. It is said that he was jesting when he declared that he meant to pass for a "Dutch" schoolmaster, and the retention of the diploma with his name upon it shows that he was determined to

pass under his own name. Donning a plain suit of brown clothes and a round, broad-brimmed hat, as soon as night came, he bade farewell to his friend and went on board the sloop. The passage across the Sound was quickly made and the sloop safely and unmolested glided into the harbor of Huntington.

The point chosen for the landing was called The Cedars. The boat speedily put him ashore, and passing the farm-house of Jesse Fleet, which, with the dwelling of the Widow Rachel Chichester, "Mother Chick," a noted loyalist, whose tavern was the resort of all the Tories and Loyalists for miles around, Hale went along the road toward the settlement on the east side of Huntington harbor, till after a mile's walk he reached the residence of William John-

son, and attracted by the light already in the windows of the thrifty farmer, walked boldly to the door which, fortunately, was opened by Mr. Johnson himself. They had a confidential interview, and the farmer placed himself and his at Hale's service.

Such information as he could give was eagerly furnished and also a good breakfast and a bed. After a few hours' repose, Hale again resumed his way and successfully threading the increasing dangers, found himself at last in New York City.

It was needful that he had the cool, clear brain that was his, for the line of the British had greatly advanced in the short time that intervened since he left Harlem Heights. Between the headquarters of Howe at one end and Clinton

at the other was stretched the whole army, and Long Island, from Red Hook to Flushing Bay and far into the country from Brooklyn, was occupied by the enemy. Added to this the intermediate country was patrolled daily by troops of British cavalry, and they were not as eager and vindictive toward the patriots as the organized and unorganized Tories who only sought to win favor by finding out information or capturing American stragglers.

It required alertness and adaptability to pass undetected, and Hale employed these qualities of his nature with fine success. He was always able to make himself a favorite, and we can think of him as winning the confidence and gaining the secrets of many a British officer and soldier whom he met as he traveled

along his humble way seeking some place where he could ply his calling in assurance that the power of King George would protect him from the insolent Yankees.

He ran the gantlet and was in the very heart of the enemy, and wandered about New York, in the camp, exchanging jests and talking with soldier and officer, and the while carrying the plans of the fortifications in his eye, sauntering about all day and sitting up nearly all night sketching or even prowling about as near as he dared to the sentinels. He received a great deal of information from the boastful talk of the soldiers and officers who were glad to tell how well they were prepared to destroy the Yankee general and his troops.

In the city he passed again and again

the famous or infamous jails, already filled with unhappy prisoners, already sending out daily their long train of bodies of victims of pestilence and ill treatment, or the guarded prisoners marching to death. He must have seen some of the dreadful sights furnished by the provost jail; he must have heard of Cunningham and the brutalities that sickened even the British soldiers. But with the shadow of death hanging over him he walked serenely, upheld by his conviction that he was working for a noble purpose, exulting and drawing new strength in his exhausting task as each day gave him more to add to the priceless information for which Washington was waiting.

He had carefully drawn plans of all the fortifications. Distrustful of his

memory, he had set down in Latin the information he had garnered, and his shoes were padded with finely executed details. Then, satisfied that no more could be obtained, assured that what he had would enable Washington to execute a *coup* that would break the British force in two and place New York in the power of the Americans; tortured now by the fear lest the patriots should make some move before he could bear back the fruit of his work, he turned his face from New York and began his homeward journey.

He did not, probably, take the same route that he had used in coming, and it is impossible to trace his movements, for no one has ever been found who could give any account of conversation with him till he reached The Cedars.

He had skirted the British outposts, and traversed all the hostile territory, and was again at the point where it was arranged a friendly vessel should daily send a boat to meet him. He came in the early morning, and it is likely that his coming anticipated rather than followed the boat, for as he scanned the water there was no sign of craft of any sort, and hungry and emboldened by his long-continued success he entered the Tory tavern, believing that none there could recognize him, and perhaps with the boyish daring that would crop out in his dignified and manly character, wishing to give himself a little sport with the enemy ere he returned.

He certainly knew of the character of the place he was entering, and it was with the feeling that his disguise could

stand any test, it is likely, that he entered it.

Though it was yet early morning there was a number of persons seated in the great room and "Mother Chick" herself took his order. He entered into conversation with the others, and was so engrossed that he did not notice that one whose face he had but seen slightly and then had been impressed with its familiarity, had slipped out. He ate his breakfast and was still in the most entertaining part of his conversation, for the sentiments of the loyalists and their hints at what was to be done, their boasts of what they could do for the king, interested him, ever on the alert for news.

Several hours had elapsed since he entered, and he was beginning to think

he ought to go forth again to spy for the longed-for boat when Mother Chichester announced to all that a strange boat was coming.

Consternation seized on the loyalists, and they prepared to disperse, some offering to bring the young stranger with them, but Hale declined, saying surely the Yankee, if it were one, would not molest a poor schoolmaster. And he said that he would go out and see what was the mission of the newcomer.

His easy manner left him as he passed the barroom's threshold, and he almost ran to the beach, so confident was he that it was the boat for which he waited.

He had come in range of the boat's crew when suddenly a dozen men leaped up, and covering him with their muskets, cried: "Surrender or die!"

He had been betrayed! It leaped into his mind that the familiar face he had perplexedly noticed was that of a renegade enemy and relative who had slipped out and given to the British vessel lying at anchor just below the point the signal to come for a prize.

God only knows what other thoughts passed through his brain, what despair possessed that heart, but an instant before bounding with joy and hope.

There was no escape. Retreat was cut off, for the swarming tories were in his rear and death was his only portion if he refused the summons. And life was very dear to him, and he clung to it, though reason told him the chance of escape was very remote. He was taken into custody and among the boat's crew he saw the informer, the unworthy

relative, whose disgrace had been such a keen mortification to the family, and whose ignoble revenge was thus gratified.

He was rowed to the guardship, the Halifax, Captain Quarme, who received him with courtesy though sternness, and whose first word showed that his identity was known. Hale did not attempt to deny it. He was questioned if he were not a captain in the Continental army, and he said simply that he was. Asked as to his reason for being in that garb and evidently disguised, he refused to reply; but the search of his person showed the truth, and from the soles of his shoes were drawn the plans and maps he had thought to bear to Washington to give him the help that would have been so invaluable. As these were brought to light and the descriptions in

Latin read, it must have been that the cloud of despair blackened and obscured all the sun of hope.

There was but one duty in the premises, to convey him to New York, and thither the vessel bent her way.

It is evidence of the wonderful magnetism and grand qualities of Hale that he completely captivated his captors, for though the name of spy was enough to cause him to be treated with loathing and scorn by the enemy's officers, his bearing, his countenance, the dignity and bravery with which he stood the discovery and the simple manliness of his attitude so won on the captain of the Halifax that he impetuously exclaimed he had regret "that so fine a fellow had fallen into his power."

But his standard of duty required him

to be true to his country, and he regretfully sent Hale under a detachment in to New York.

It might have been possible for the young patriot to elude his guard if there had been any help, any friendly face or presence in the throng through which they passed when they landed at the New York wharf, but the lower part of the city fairly swarmed with soldiers, and the citizens were eagerly and fearfully battling the flames striving to save their property, and thus there was none to take an interest in the young prisoner, to report his capture and arouse patriotic feeling.

New York was on fire, and had been blazing fiercely, apparently defying control since 2 o'clock that morning. Beginning at Whitehall Slip, both sides of

Broadway and away up into the city, was a mass of flames and smoke. The British soldiers had been called out to help battle with the flames, the firemen seemed to be unable to hold it in check, and the whole city was thought to be doomed.

The morning of that eventful Saturday, September 21, was dark and lowering and the spread of the smoke really made the conflagration seem greater. But it was not stopped till four hundred and ninety-three houses, one-third of the city, was laid in ashes.

Hale realized soon that he was not to meet with one friendly face, and he composed his features to firmness as he neared the quarters of General Howe.

## CHAPTER XI.

THREE miles from the City Hall stood a mansion built by James Beekman, a sterling patriot, who, on the approach of the British, had abandoned his house and retreated to Esopus. It was a spacious and well-appointed mansion, and the commander-in-chief of the British army at once selected it for his headquarters, for it was sufficiently near the center of the city to command all the stirring and plotting going on in a few moments, and far enough from the provost jail to avoid letting any of the sounds from the prison den reach the British commander's ears, says Stuart. The testimony of wit-

NATHAN HALE.
(From the Statue in City Hall Park, New York.)

nesses, and Mr. Beekman's gardener, who made a note of it at the time corroborates the statement that it was in the greenhouse of the mansion that Hale was confronted with General Howe. It was a rare coincidence that André occupied a room in this mansion, just at the head of the stairs, before he went on his ill-fated expedition, but it is a fact that Hale did not enter the house, but was conducted to the greenhouse.

Howe was not in the best of humors, and weary with the day's work and anxious for the dinner that was to come off that evening, the announcement that he was to sit in judgment on an American spy did not tend to sweeten his disposition. He was an eminently just man and desired above all to keep his reputation clear from charges of excessive cruelty.

To say that this man would have committed Hale to the mercies of Cunningham if he knew the character of the latter is to make an assertion that seems to be not in accordance with Howe's attributes.

But it must be remembered that nothing aroused the indignation of officers so much as the attempt of a spy to pry into their precious secrets, and, therefore, it can be seen how ruthless Howe would be under this provocation.

When Hale was ushered into his presence the young American saw a man who at first sight might be thought to resemble Washington—tall, slender, dignified, graceful, with an appearance of almost majestic loftiness, yet on his sharp, clearly cut features, nothing of that benignity which distinguished the

American commander and made him gentle and pitying, though just, when talking with those who were brought for his judgment. Howe's face was habitually fretful in expression in these days and his temper, naturally quick and sharp, was exasperated to-day by the fire and the time the soldiers employed in putting it out.

He saw a young, magnificently formed man, with a calm, pale, yet serenely resolute face, with culture and education, power and intellect, and the loftiness of the inner spirit so enstamped upon it that he involuntarily asked for a repetition of the charge.

It was given, and Howe frowningly resumed his seat and bent his piercing gaze upon Hale. The latter returned it with the direct and level look of a man

who knows that he is to be judged and scorns to prevaricate.

Howe interrogated him, and was answered without equivocation and in a modest and manly manner that made an impression on the listeners, but which enraged the commander-in-chief. Hale did not attempt to conceal his work, which was spread before the general and followed by him with alarm and anger as he saw how ably and successfully it had been done. Every one of his plans, his carefully erected fortifications were sketched and described in Latin, and he could scarcely contain his anger.

Hale did not try to ask for trial by court martial, he was too well aware of the fate that was deemed fit for a spy, but he did manfully defend himself when Howe asked him why, he, a man of

learning and appearance had attempted this ignominious thing. He told him he was serving his country and that sufficed to make him do any service that was sought from him.

Howe looked at him in involuntary admiration and across his mind came the thought: "What a gain this would be to turn him to us! Surely, ambition and place can tempt him;" and he offered to Hale full pardon if he would only join the army, or form one of the regiments of Tories or king's American dragoons, for Royal American regiments or volunteers, he even promised to Hale speedy removal from that and advancement in the regular army, but the young patriot was not to purchase life on such terms; it would not be life but a dishonored existence. And he emphatically declared

that nothing so increased his loyalty to his country as the present temptation to forsake her.

"Then you may die for her," grimly declared Howe, and turning to his desk he made out the commitment and directed William Cunningham, provost marshal of the royal army, to receive the body of one Nathan Hale, captain, in the rebel army, and convicted as a spy, by the order of William Howe, commander-in-chief of the forces of His Majesty George the Third, in America, and keep it in safe custody till morning at daybreak, when he was to see him hung by the neck till dead.

The commander-in-chief had done with the convicted spy. The young captain had served his country, but, alas! the priceless information was never to be

hers, and she was to lose a gallant and proved soldier.

Hale listened to his sentence without a word. He was as erect and fearless when the dread words, harshly pronounced, without a word of pity on his youth, fell on his ear as when he stood at the head of his devoted and loving band. It must have been that the whole panorama of his life swept before him, but no sign of the agony of his soul was forced from him, and at touch of the guard he turned and followed him from the greenhouse and to the place where the provost marshal was awaiting him.

The news of Hale's wonderful success in remaining so long a time in the British lines and having such carefully sketched details of the British movements and plans had quickly passed through the

army, and there was quite a crowd of officers and soldiers to look at the spy and pass invidious remarks. But Hale might never have heard them. He was thinking, we may believe, not so much of his own fate as of the loss to his beloved commander-in-chief of the information that would have been such a guide, perhaps a saving of years of struggle.

Cunningham was very eager to receive him from the officer who commanded his guard and would fain have dismissed the young British lieutenant if he dared, but Howe's order had been that the officer should not leave Hale till he saw him safely in the provost dungeon, and Cunningham sullenly acquiesced in his presence. Hale had already heard of this man, so notorious for his brutality,

and natural curiosity led him to scan him closely.

He beheld a large and tall man with a countenance reddened equally with drink and passion, rough in feature and intensely forbidding of aspect, without the presence of a single emotion that was not purely animal.

William Cunningham had been in his earlier years a soldier in the British dragoons, then he came to New York and joined the Royalists and Tories, doing every service to show his vindictive animosity toward the Americans. It was really with Cunningham a feeling of personal hate of liberty that actuated him, in much of his vile work. Then he was exceedingly avaricious and after Sir William Howe made him provost marshal of the British army, he studied how

he could best defraud the unfortunates thrown into his power of the rations allowed them, impartially cheating both government and prisoners. He was never sober, and though always able to attend to his duties, the calling from his revels threw him into a rage that he vented on the prisoners till he wearied of the task. Kicking them, exposing them to insult too vile to mention, parading up and down the corridors with his negro hangman, Richmond, at his back carrying a coil of rope, hanging the condemned in the yard back of the jail and leaving their bodies to dangle for hours so that the other prisoners must see and be intimidated; these were some of the tortures inflicted by him on those in his custody.

Of these, such as had means were

made to pay for everything they received in advance, and such as had friends were encouraged to have the latter come and bring them food. This he confiscated, and if remonstrated with, threatened them with the jail.

Another of his pastimes was rushing into the cell of the prisoners and announcing that the day or the morrow was to be their last, bidding them get ready and often having a gallows erected under their windows. That he made way with those who were particularly obnoxious to him there is no reason to doubt.

It is related that he also had a regular system of levy, and collected money from all who dared let their love for those in his clutches bring them within reach. He sent out spies to as-

certain the circumstances and relatives of his prisoners, and governed himself in his treatment of them by the amount of money he could obtain, though he was so consisistently brutal that he would take the money and continue his persecutions.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE provost was then in use as a jail. It was a receptacle for offenders who were most notorious. It was the safest of all places in which to keep a prisoner. It was adjacent to the spot where public executions at this period usually took place. Two old gentlemen of Lyme, Connecticut, saw Hale there the night before his execution. A Hessian straggler passing through Coventry just after the event told Mr. Brigham, with whom he stayed all night that he saw Hale hung in New York near Chambers Street.

The provost jail stood upon the eastern boundary of the City Hall Park, where the present Hall of Records stands. It was

guarded strictly and every mode of ingress or egress was under surveillance all the time, details of men being charged with a duty whose neglect would soon cost them their lives. The food was wretched and stinted to a cruel degree, the accommodations abominably overcrowded; and side by side with men of refinement and culture would be the outcasts of the town whose language and conduct added a double torture to the imprisonment. It was supposed to be possible for the friends of the prisoners to give them some articles of food and clothing, but Cunningham invariably confiscated them and frightened away the messengers with his vulgar and terrific abuse.

Close to the provost jail was an old burying ground in Chambers, then Bar-

rack Street and this was the spot that Cunningham chose for his executions. He offered to hang his prisoners in batches of five or six back of the prison yard, but the protests of decency prevented him from carrying out his savage desire. He was particularly anxious to have the life of the proud and noble young man who surveyed him with such calm, unmoved contempt, and evinced no emotion when he employed all the resources of his ingenuity to add new torments.

The heart of Hale, indeed, was far from the brutal jailer who had the power to torture his body for a few hours longer. He had received the sentence unmoved and made no attempt to secure clemency, knowing well that in accordance with the fortune of war, the de-

cision was what he had to expect. But as soon as the conviction that but a few hours intervened between him and eternity settled upon his soul, the present was temporarily forgotten, his whole soul turning to his dear ones.

Till daybreak! Why, it would take every hour to write to Alice and the father, whose claims could not be forgotten. Then he wanted to give some token of love to each of his brothers and sisters and his nephews and all the dear friends whom he was never to greet, some evidence that he had met his fate like a soldier and patriot and was only sorry that he could not have further served his country.

He scarcely knew that Cunningham was questioning him as he gave his age, birth, rank and size, heard read the war-

rant that consigned him to death and was rigidly searched and ordered to be closely confined and watched.

He asked then if he might not have his hands left unpinioned and be furnished a light and writing materials that he might write to his friends. Cunningham peremptorily refused, and when he asked for a Bible jeered and threw his ribald jests at the unfortunate, asking him what he needed of a book to make repentance? The most sincere would be the confessing his sorrow for his acts against his king and turning back to the service, then he might have a chance to live.

Hale entreated for this favor, which he declared to be but a right that humanity should accord him, and, fortunately, the young British lieutenant, who had lin-

gered near, so interested was he in the youth scarce his own age, so strong and daring, heard and had his manly sympathies aroused. In a tone of authority, cutting in its contempt of the human brute, he ordered Cunningham to comply with Hale's request, and then withdrew after the young man was placed in a cell, and writing materials and a light thrust upon the narrow board that served as a table.

How can we imagine the night, the thoughts of the young man? In that hour with the certainty of an ignominious death before him; the knowledge that never again would he be able to look upon his loved ones; the doubt whether the words that he was about to pen for them would reach them, would it be strange that his heart quailed?

But there is no reason for supposing that it did. The same high courage that supported him in the facing of Howe, the calm contempt for the brute who had received him into custody, remained with him and gave him strength. And he also knew that he had to send words of comfort to those he loved, that his farewell to the bride whom death was to prevent him from joining in this world would have to be made in such terms as would enable her to bear the blow. He set to the task, we can believe, with firmness and resolution, and then the testimony of all who showed that he was essentially and deeply religious tells in what communion with his God the other hours of that night were spent.

Morning came all too soon, but it found him ready when the brutal jailer looked

in. He had never touched the oaken plank, which was his bed, for he had no thought of sleep, and as soon as the provost marshal thrust himself into the cell he handed him his letters and eagerly scanned his face to see if he might have the certainty that the man, hard though he was, would not trifle with the solemn trust of a dying man.

But it was to be a new torture inflicted on that much suffering soul. The provost marshal, with no thought of his victim's feelings, tore open the pages in his haste to read and after he found how uncowed, how noble and how patriotic were the sentiments therein expressed, tore the letters into shreds, and stamping his foot, exclaimed he would not permit the rebels to have such letters; such sentiments were far too strongly savoring of

rebellion, too suggestive of resistance to his majesty. Why, Cunningham is reported to have said it would have been an incentive to fight to have let them have his letters; the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such noble sentiments.

Hale was helpless. There was none to whom he could ask the favor of bearing or remembering a message, and it was with a pang of the bitterest grief that he saw all his carefully written, softening and encouraging words trampled in the dust, but he was nerved by the loathing he felt for the tyrant to conceal his emotion, and after the first bitter word which must have dropped from his lips to let Cunningham know his contempt, he was silent, and gave all his thought to the journey before him.

The sun was beginning to streak the horizon when he ordered the captive to prepare for his death march. It had been a very exciting Saturday in the city, the fire which had started at 2 o'clock in the morning had taken up all the efforts of citizens and soldiers to check it, and there were many who had remained on the alert all through the night to assist the men who were curbing its spread. There were also others who came to the city from the surrounding country and were just reaching it on the break of day. These, with a farmer of Long Island, Tunis Bogart, who related that "Cunningham butchered Hale like a calf," some soldiers and officers of the army and the officer whose narrative of the execution furnished to General Hull the material from which Stuart drew

his "Life of Hale," the inevitable crowd which news of an execution gathers, all hastened about the place of execution as soon as the tidings that Cunningham was to string up another victim was heard. Among the throng were many women with children in their arms, at first curious and careless spectators, but at sight of the youth and beauty of the victim their hearts were touched and their cries and pitying comments were so long that the brutal provost marshal ordered them to silence at pain of their own imprisonment.

Hale had asked again for some man of God, to whom he might speak and with whose prayers in his ears he might meet his fate, but the request had met so scoffing a refusal that the young man determined he would not let his custodian

see how it hurt him. He was to meet the most ignominious of deaths, one that causes a soldier's heart to always weaken with horror at its very mention. It was far from the thoughts which had strengthened the young warrior when he put the bright vision of love behind him. Pride, we know, was in Hale's heart, but it was the noblest, loftiest sort, and the knowledge that it was duty which he had obeyed enabled him to bear up with that wondrous fortitude which awed even the coarse nature of his captors.

He had been bound with his arms behind him and clothed in a white jacket with white overalls and a white cap on his shining brown hair. Though an earlier hour had been set than the usual one, 10 o'clock, the soldiers had been drawn up in a hollow square as was the

custom, and in the center was a large tree. Beneath, already dug, with the spade and earth in an unsightly heap, was the grave for the body of the executed. A sight that would have completely unnerved the strongest heart.

From the provost jail to the place of execution was but a short distance and the procession was soon formed with a guard of soldiers leading the way, then Hale, his white jacket and cap bordered with black, and his winding sheet and coffin borne by four black men, and then the negro hangman with the rope and ladder on his shoulders and a double guard of soldiers with Cunningham and the officers detailed to witness the carrying out of sentence in the rear. When the spot was reached the guards formed a semicircle, the hangman ad-

vanced, and while Hale stood calmly witnessing his preparations, placed his ladder against the tree, adjusted his rope and descended. Then he took the coffin of Hale and placed it in such a position that it was directly beneath the hanging noose, and Hale was ordered to mount it.

His face, so noble, so beautiful, so illumined with lofty hope and heroism and courage, was turned upon the throng, and at sight of that proud and uplifted look, that expression of confidence and hope in the life so soon to be his, a great awe fell on the people and even the soldiers were moved.

Cunningham marked the impression he made, and hoping that he would ruin it by a speech, boisterously demanded that he make his last speech and confession.

The eyes of Hale had swept sky and earth, had lingered in a long, caressing farewell, his soul had been filled with thoughts of his country, and when the coarse voice of the provost marshal disturbed the air, he cast upon him a glance of ineffable contempt, and then bent his look on the spectators. The women were sobbing audibly and the men had to turn their eyes from that glowing countenance for a moment. Then as he looked upon them all were silent, and his voice, strong, full, ringing with energy and patriotism, filled with love of God and country, gave its immortal message to the future:

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Thus spoke the patriot, the martyr, the noble soul that knew naught of selfishness.

The provost marshal was stunned. For a moment his venom and rage nearly choked his utterance, then, in a tone like the bellowing of a defied and maddened bull he roared:

"Swing the rebel off!"

All that a man hath will he give for his life, and when he gives life with all that life hath for his country, patriots may immortalize, but only the infinite can measure the extent of the sacrifice.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE disclosure of the work of Hale had a very important effect on the British general's plans, and doubtless was instrumental in causing the change of some. Due importance was attached to Hale's mission, and no time was lost in notifying Washington of the fate of his messenger.

It was a dreadful disappointment, but the first thought was for the young man so cruelly cut down in his promise. The announcement was made by a British officer, Colonel Montaznar, who was deputed to convey the information to General Washington under a flag of

truce. It had a very depressing effect on the army, and for days all that was discussed was the capture of the hero so loved by all. The British expression of courtesy was, primarily, for the purpose of showing how futile it was to try to secure possession of their secrets, and it was successful, for it would have been impossible to have found any one to venture again.

That Washington's plans depended greatly on Hale's success, and that he was so obliged to meet unusual obstacles because of his apprehension, history has shown. But history has not set down the love the commander-in-chief felt for the young officer whom he knew so intimately, and whom he thought he had permitted to go to his death.

The news of the fate of Nathan Hale

traveled all too quickly to the home in Coventry, and the family there was struck with the bitterest grief, though the Puritan habit of repression made the deacon and his daughters and sons restrain its manifestation. Then there was the heroic strain which gloried in the thought that a son and brother had been able to die so gloriously for his country. It must have been a consolation to the father and sisters and brothers who so loved him to think he had died for duty.

Of the feelings of Alice Ripley there is no chronicle. She was so thoroughly in harmony with the nature of her grand young lover that she must have felt something of the exalted sacrifice that he had made even in her bitter grief. To have been twice cheated out of happi-

ness and to know that the gallows had been the fate of one born for such honorable distinction in learning and eloquence, and gifted with such a full dower of talent, must have wrung her heart sorely. Yet, though she could not have failed to keep his image in her heart for many years, she finally married a gentleman of Hartford, Connecticut, William Lawrence, and there in a delightful atmosphere of culture she lived till her death in September, 1845. So strong is the force of love that as death came to bear her away she murmured: "Write to Nathan."

The stirring times that followed, the vicissitudes that beset the American army and its final triumph, and then the poverty and struggle for existence in the years after the war, were among the

causes which contributed to the neglect of proper testimonial to Hale. His services were appreciated and not forgotten, but they were unrecorded in the marble and towering shaft with which a nation delights to honor its heroes.

The gravestone placed by the family to denote his death was a simple slab, telling that beside his father was a memento of "Nathan Hale, Esq., a captain in the army of the United States, was born June 6, 1755, received the first honors of Yale College, in September, 1773, and resigned his life a sacrifice to his country's liberty at New York, September 22, 1776, aged twenty-two."

It was not till 1837 that patriotic sentiment in Connecticut demanded that there be fitting recognition of his great service, and the Hale Monument Associa-

tion was formed. It was chiefly to individuals that the first appeal was made, though Congress was asked again and again to appropriate a suitable sum. Hitherto the only memento outside that of his family was Fort Nathan Hale in New Haven harbor, erected in 1808, and some societies that honored themselves by adopting his name and dying speech for a motto. But it was not till the 25th of November, 1837, when the evacuation of New York was being celebrated by a party of Revolutionary soldiers numbering twenty and many prominent people of the town, that Judge A. T. Judson, in his brilliant memorial address, proposed the organization of the association.

Previous to the formation of the association, Judge Judson with two other representatives from Connecticut tried to

have Congress grant a sum for a Hale cenotaph, but in vain. Though the house committee for ten years submitted favorable reports, though petitions poured in from the people of the State, there was this curious lack of patriotism. The first petition was headed by the name of Dr. Nathan Howard, who married Joanna, sister of Nathan. The second came from Hartford, was drawn up by the Hon. Thomas S. Williams, and signed by thousands all over the State. Upon this a report was made by Congress recommending the setting aside of one thousand dollars for the purpose, but the report was not acted upon.

The Hale Association was composed of patriots, and by the most indefatigable and continued work it succeeded in raising over two thousand dollars, the ladies

of Coventry being the most diligent in the work, and in May, 1846, the State granted one thousand dollars, and in 1847 two hundred and fifty dollars more, and on the 7th of April, 1846, the ground was broken for the monument, which was completed September 17, 1846.

The total cost was three thousand seven hundred and thirty-three dollars and ninety-three cents, the railroads which transported the stone from Quincy, Massachusetts, the Old Colony, Boston and Worcester, and the Norwich and Worcester, whose president was the Hon. Nathan Hale, of Boston, gave the transportation; the ladies of Coventry had a Nathan Hale drama, a tea party and other entertainments, whereby they alone raised the sum of fifteen hundred dollars.

Erected 1846 at South Coventry, Conn.

Inscriptions on Monument:

(East Side) CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE,
(North Side) Born at Coventry, June 6, 1755,
(South Side) Died at New York, Sept. 22, 1776,
(West Side) "I only regret that I have but
one life to lose for my country."

Erected in Main Street, Town of Huntington,
Long Island, 1894.

The first Nathan Hale monument is a very beautiful one.

It stands on elevated ground in a most commanding site in the Hale family burial plot, and consists of a pyramidal shaft resting on a base of steps with a shelving projection about one-third of the way up the pedestal. It is of hewn Quincy granite, solid from foundation to capstone and embracing twenty-five tons of stone, fourteen feet square at the base and forty-five feet high, and bears on its sides the following inscription:

(East side.)
Captain Nathan Hale, 1776.
(North side.)
Born at Coventry, June 6, 1755.
(South side.)
Died at New York, September 22, 1776.
(West side.)
"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The next memorial after that in Coventry was the statue erected by the State of Connecticut in the capitol grounds in Hartford, and there is also preserved with tenderest care the old Nathan Hale schoolhouse in New London, Connecticut, on Union Street. Then there is also in New London a beautiful grammar school named after the hero, a patriotic society, the Nathan Hale Sons of the American Revolution, Nathan Hale Street, and an order of fraternal society, with one of the American Mechanics perpetuates the name, and bears testimony to the love and pride of the citizens of the town in which he taught before he went to lay down his life on Liberty's altar.

Huntington, Long Island, where he was captured has also erected a memorial.

But the most beautiful and best known, the most eloquent and widespread in its influence, is that noble figure in which Macmonnies has made enduring presentation of youth and beauty and heroism. Standing in City Hall Park, New York, it is daily seen by thousands and the fascination and potency of that beautiful statue has brought close to hundreds of thousands the history of Hale, has given new meaning to love of country and enkindled in men's breasts a quenchless flame, that fire of divinity which makes a man love his country next to his God, and loving his God, but love his country the more.

The poets have given to the fate of Hale all the tender and immortal commemoration which his romantic and

heroic history so well commands and inspires. President Dwight of Yale College has written a beautiful tribute:

"Thus while fond Virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave;
With Genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And Science lured him to her sweet abode;
In Worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of Peace, the rising hope of War;
In duty firm, in danger calm as even—
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven.
How short his course, the prize how early won,
While weeping friendship mourns her favorite gone."

Very, very beautiful and touching is this tribute from Virginia Frazer Boyle, a Daughter of the Revolution:

"There's night in the council chamber,
  There is gloom where the rebels meet,
There is death in the valley beneath them,
  And over their arms is defeat.

"The lines that were throbbing with valor,
  Have missed her white star in its sheen,
And the heels of the dastard deserter,
  Press hard in the spaces between.

"The glance of the council is eager,
  But the voice of the general is low;
He is seeking the bravest, the truest,
  To send in the camps of the foe.

"The silence of death is the answer—
  A scorn and a flash of the eye;
For those bronzed, rugged heroes of battles
  Will not stoop to the rank of a spy.

"But a voice rings out from the shadow,
  With the thrill of a clarion's flow,
'When my country has need, 'tis my service;
  Her honor is mine; I will go!'

"And in the first flush of his manhood,
The patriot burns in his eyes
As he changes the trappings of glory
And fame for the lowly disguise.

"On he speeds through the veil of the darkness;
The camp of the British is won—
Ay, the fate of the rebels is trembling,
But the dangerous mission is done.

"He has served her, the country he lives for—
Would die for, need that be end;
But halt to the ringing of hoofbeats,
Betrayed by the hand of a friend!

"Men die in the hot blood of battle,
And rot in the trench, face to face;
But, oh! those long hours of anguish,
The taunt of dishonor, disgrace!

"Ah, patriot, soldier, and lover,
Thy warriors call thee again,
And far o'er the hills for the bridal
She watches thy coming in vain.

"And the sigh of the waning September
Breaks soft on the blush of the sky,
While the grim forms of British are waiting
To mark how a rebel can die.

"No hand bears the last tender missives
That filled up the long night of woe;
They have hurled the white fragments about him,
That fall like the sleet upon snow.

"For those blue eyes look outward beyond them,
Above the gray world and its moan,
But no priest bends the knee for the shriving—
The soul in its grandeur is lone.

"They have bound the brave form for the hangman,
And pinioned the strong arms for death;
But afar from the old apple orchard,
Newborn, on a patriot's breath.

"The hills pipe a sonorous message,
The breezes repeat by the sea—
'I only regret, oh! my country,
I lose but this one life for thee!'

"Oh, motherland, these are thy jewels
That blazon the shield on thy breast;
Oh, motherlove, these are the truest—
The hearts that have loved thee the best!"

Every one is familiar with the poem of Francis M. Finch, recited before that Linonian Society in Yale in which Hale was so prominent a member. It should be known by all who love and revere the patriot:

"To drum beat and heart beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum beat and heart beat,
In a moment he must die.

"By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Britons' camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and the moonlight
His silent wanderings' lamp.

"With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tended line,
And he counts the battery guns,
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

"The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

"A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camps a spy has found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

" With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow, steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

" In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

" 'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can give
But one life for liberty.
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spent wings are free.

" But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die.
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

This boulder, weighing 45 tons, on which are set three memorial bronze tablets to Nathan Hale, was removed to its present location, on the shore of Huntington Bay, in the Autumn of 1896, from the field on Hale-site, nearest that where formerly stood the house of William Johnson, who gave shelter and information to Hale.

" From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of Heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn."

## HALE GENEALOGY.

Nathan Hale was directly descended from Robert Hale, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, one of the early settlers of the "Bay Colony," in that State.

Robert Hale belonged to the family of Hales of Kent, England. There were in England at that time at least three large families of the name, belonging to different parts of the kingdom. These were the Hales of Kent, the Hales of Hertford, and the Hales of Gloucestershire. Of the last of these families was the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale, who was nearly contemporary with Robert Hale, the

emigrant to America, who was born in 1609 and died in 1676.

From the Hales of Hertfordshire spring the family of Thomas Hale, one of the early settlers of Newbury, Massachusetts. Of this family are a large part of those persons who now bear the name of Hale in New England.

Robert Hale, of Charlestown, and his descendants retained the coat of arms of the Hale family of Kent, to which, therefore, there seems no doubt that they belong.

This family existed in Kent as early as the reign of Edward III. Nicholas up Hales, then resided at Hales Place, Halden, Kent. His son, Sir Robert Hales, was Prior of the Knights of St. John, and Lord High Treasurer of England. He was murdered by Wat Tyler's mob, on

Tower Hill, in 1381. His brother, Sir Nicholas de Hales, was the ancestor of three subdivisions of the family, described in Halsted's Kent as the Hales of Kent, Coventry and of Essex.

To the Kent family belonged—we may say in passing down to the emigration of Robert Hales,—Sir James Hales, whose suicide by drowning led to the "Case of Dame Hales," reported by Plowden, and commented on by the clowns in Hamlet: "Sir James Hales was dead and how came he to his death? It may be answered by drowning, and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die, and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offense it is

reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offense and not the dead man."

Of the same family was Sir Edward Hales, the loyal companion of James II. in his exile, made by him Earl of Tenterden and Viscount Tonstall.

The name in England was spelt with a final "s" and without. Hale Place, near Canterbury, bears the same name as the New England family, and the residents spell their names with the "s."

Gen. I. 1. Robert Hale, who arrived in Massachusetts in 1632. He was among those who set off from the first church in Boston to form the first church in Charlestown, in 1632. He became a deacon in this church. He was a blacksmith by trade, but appears to have held many offices of trust in the town and

State, for he was appointed surveyor of new plantations by the General Court until his death, which was July 19, 1659. His wife's name was Jane. After his death she married Richard Jacobs of Ipswich, and died in July, 1679.

1st Robert Hale had

Gen. II. 2. Rev. John Hale; b. June 3, 1636; d. May 15, 1700. 3. Mary; b. May 17, 1639; m. —— Wilson. 4. Zachariah; b. April 3, 1641; d. June 5, 1643. 5. Samuel; d. 1679. 6. Joanna; b. 1638; m. John Larkin; d. 1685.

2. Rev. John Hale, graduated at Harvard College, in 1657. He was the first minister of Beverly, Massachusetts, when the church was separated from Salem, in 1867, and remained in this charge to his death. He was one of three chaplains to the New England ex-

pedition to Canada in 1690. He was taken prisoner, and afterward released. Two years after the Salem witchcraft excitement arose and engaged the attention of Mr. Hale, who participated in the examination of the accused and conducted the religious exercises. In October a person in Wenham accused Mrs. Hale of witchcraft, and the shock was sufficient to restore the minister to his senses. His own medicine cured him of his delusions, and he was eager to prove the thing was wrong. In 1697 he published "A modest inquiry into the nature of witchcraft and how persons guilty of that crime may be convicted; and the means used for their discovery discussed, both negatively and affirmatively, according to Scripture and experience." He further lamented the deceptions of

those who believed in the witchcraft delusion.

He married three times. First, Rebeckah Byles, daughter of Henry Byles of Sarum, England. She died April 13, 1683, aged 45 years. Second, March 3, 1684, Mrs. Sarah Noyes, of Newbury. She died May 20, 1695, aged 41; and third, August 8, 1698, Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, of Newbury, who survived him. By his first two wives he had the following children:

Gen. III. 1. (7) Rebeckah; b. April 28, 1666; d. May 7, 1681. 2. 8, Robert, b. November 3, 1638; d. 1719. He was the father of Colonel Robert Hale of Beverly, who accompanied Shirley to the siege of Louisburg. The male line in this family is extinct, the family mansion at Beverly has always been in the possession of his descendants.

3. (9) Rev. James; b. October 14, 1685; d. 1742. He was minister of Ashford, Connecticut, and left a son, James Hale, from whom a large family descended. Of these Robert Hale, b. 1749, was an officer in the Revolution.

6. (12) John; b. August 24, 1692. He was drowned by the oversetting of a boat in Wells River, the only person of the party, though an excellent swimmer. He left no sons.

5. (11) Joanna; b. June 18, 1689.

4. (10) Samuel; b. August 13, 1687; d. about 1724.

Of the children of Rev. John Hale, the fourth as named above was Samuel. He settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, and August 26, 1814, m. Apphia Moody; b. June 23, 1693. He lived in that part of the town called Newburyport, and there

all his children were born. He removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he died in 1724. His children were:

Gen. IV. 1. (13) Joanna, b. June 1715; d. about 1792; m. Captain Stephen Gerrish, of Boscawen, New Hampshire.

2. (14) Richard; b. February 28, 1717: d. June 1, 1802; lived and died at Coventry.

3. (15) Samuel; b. August 24, 1718; gr. H. C. 1740; d. July, 1807. He lived and died at Portsmouth.

4. (16) Hannah; b. January 24, 1720; m. Joseph Atkinson of Newbury, January 23, 1744; d. about 1791.

5. (17) John; b. January 16, 1712; d. about 1787.

Of 14, Richard, the second of these children, Captain Nathan Hale was the son. As the children of the rest were

therefore his cousins and connected with his life, their names and dates of birth are given:

13. Mrs. Joanna Gerrish and Captain Stephen Gerrish had issue.

Gen. V. 1. (18) Henry Gerrish; b. 1742 (m. 1777—he had seven children).

2. (19) Jenny; m. —— Ames; (m. 1777, had two children).

3. (20) Samuel Gerrish; b. 1748; (m. 1777—he had two children). Probably this was Colonel Samuel Gerrish, cashiered for conduct unworthy an officer at Bunker's Hill, and Sewall's Point, August 19, 1775, a sentence pronounced by the judge advocate "far too severe." When the battle was fought neither he nor his officers were commissioned.

4. (21) Enoch Gerrish; b. 1750; (m. 1777—he had two children).

5. (22) —— Gerrish (a son), b. 1756; d. August 24, 1777.

14. Richard Hale; born in Newburyport February 28, 1717; removed to Coventry, Connecticut, where he lived and died June 1, 1802. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Strong, Esq., of that place on the 17th of May, 1746. She died April 2, 1767. He married again the "Widow Adams" of Canterbury, by whom he had no issue. The children of the first marriage:

Gen. V. 1. (23) Samuel; b. May 25, 1747; d. April 17, 1824, without issue.

2. (24) John; b. October 21, 1748; d. December 22, 1802, without issue.

3. (25) Joseph; b. March 12, 1750; d. April 29, 1784.

4. (26) Elizabeth; b. January 1, 1753; d. October 31, 1813.

5. (27) Enoch; b. October 28, 1753; d. January 4, 1837.

6. (28) Nathan; b. June 6, 1755; executed at New York, September 22, 1776.

7. (29) Richard; b. February 20, 1757; d. February, 1793.

8. (30) Billy; b. April 20, 1759; m. —— Booker, January 19, 1785; d. September 7, 1785.

9. (31) David; b. December 14–15, 1761, d. February 10, 1822.

10. (32) Jonathan; b. December 14-15, 1761; d. December 21, 1761.

11. (33) Joanna; b. March 19, 1765; d. April 22, 1838.

12. (34) Susanna; b. February 1, 1756; d. March, 1766.

15. Samuel Hale. of Portsmouth; b. August 24, 1718; gr. H. C 1740; d. July, 1807. He taught the grammar

school at Portsmouth for many years; served in the old French war, and was at one time judge of the Common Pleas court. He married Mary, daughter of Thomas Wright of Portsmouth. Their children were:

Gen. VI 1. (35) Samuel, of Barrington; b. 1758; d. April 28, 1828. His sons were Samuel B. and John P. of Portsmouth; of the last of whom Hon. John P. Hale of the United States Senate was the son.

2. (36) Thomas Wright of Barrington; b. 1760.

3. (37) John; b. 1764; tutor at Harvard College from 1781 to 1786; d. 1791.

4. (38) William; b. August 6, 1765; m. Lydia Rollins, April 30, 1794; d. November 8, 1848, at Dover, New Hampshire, where he had resided, leaving five chil-

dren. He represented the State in Congress six years, and was often a member of the State Legislature.

16. Hannah Hale; b. January 24, 1720; m. Joseph Atkinson of Newbury, January 23, 1744. They lived at Boscawen, New Hampshire, where she died about 1791. They had issue:

Gen. IV. 1. (39) Samuel Atkinson.

2. (40) Simeon Atkinson.

3. (41) Susannah Chadwick.

4. (42) Hannah Atkinson.

5. (43) Sarah Atkinson.

17. John Hale; b. January 16, 1721-22. He lived at Gloucester (Cape Ann, Massachusetts), and died about 1787. He had issue:

Gen. V. 1. (44) Samuel (of New York).

2. (45) John.

3. (46) Benjamin.

4. (47) Ebenezer.

5. (48) Jane.

6. (49) Sally.

7. (50) Hannah.

Between eighteen and fifty on the list numbers are all the cousins of Nathan Hale, and under his father's family his brothers and sisters.

Here follow the children of his brothers and sisters:

23. Samuel Hale; oldest son of Deacon Richard Hale; lived at Coventry and died without issue April 17, 1824.

24. Major John Hale; second son of Deacon Richard Hale; b. October 21, 1748, m. Sarah Adams at Coventry, December 19, 1771, daughter of his father's second wife. They lived at Coventry, where he died, December 22, 1802, without issue. His death was sudden, and his widow,

eager to carry out his intentions, bequeathed one thousand pounds to trustees as a fund, the income of which was to be used for the support of young men preparing for missionary service, and in part to found and support the Hale Library in Coventry, to be used by the ministers of Coventry and the neighboring towns. She died November, 1803, in less than a year after him.

25. Lieutenant Joseph Hale, third son of Deacon Richard Hale; b. March 12, 1750; was with the army near Boston, and it is believed to the close of the war. He served both in Knowlton's and Webb's regiments. Soon after his brother Nathan's death, he was in the battle of White Plains, and a ball passed through his clothes. Subsequently he was for a long time stationed at New London,

where he became acquainted with Rebeckah Harris, daughter of Judge Harris of that place. They were married October 21, 1777. After the close of his service he settled in Coventry, but his constitution, which was naturally very strong, was broken, and he fell into a decline, and died April 30, 1784. leaving four children:

Gen. VI. 1. (51) Elizabeth; b. September 29, 1779; m. November, 1801, Zebediah Abbot, of Wilton, New Hampshire. They had four sons and five daughters.

2. (52) Rebeckah; b. January 9, 1781, m. October 1799, Deacon Ezra Abbot, of Wilton, New Hampshire. They had a large family of children, of whom three, Joseph Hale, Ezra and Abiel, graduated at Brown College.

3. (53) Mary Hale; b. November 23, 1782; m. in 1808, Rev. Levi Nelson, of Lisbon, Connecticut. No issue.

4. (54) Sarah Hale, b. November 27. 1783; died June 27, 1784.

26. Elizabeth Hale; oldest daughter of Deacon R. Hale; b. January 1, 1752; m. December 30, 1773, Dr. Samuel Rose. a surgeon in the army of the Revolution. He was a son of Dr. Rose of Coventry. He died in the winter of 1800-1. Their children were:

Gen. VI. 1. (55) Captain Joseph Rose; b. September 17, 1774, m. Milly Sweatland; settled in North Coventry as a blacksmith; d. about 1835, leaving several children.

2. (56) Nathan Hale Rose; b. November 18, 1776; grew up on the old homestead of his grandfather. He settled on

the farm previously occupied by his Uncle Richard. He married first Eunice, daughter of Deacon Talcott, of North Coventry. She died after a few years, leaving a daughter, who died young. He married, second, the widow —— Perkins of Lisbon, Connecticut, by whom he had three sons and one daughter.

3. (57) Fanny Rose; b. January 4, 1779; m. December, 1799, Sandford Hunt, of North Coventry, and died February 6, 1845, "an excellent woman." They settled in Batavia, New York. Of their family was Hon. Washington Hunt, of New York and Lieutenant Hunt of the United States army.

After the death of Dr. Samuel Rose, his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Rose, married John Taylor, of Coventry. She died October 31, 1813. Their children were:

1. (58) Elizabeth Taylor; m. Nathaniel Hubbard, of Vernon, and afterward of Manchester, Connecticut.

2. (59) David Taylor; married and died in New York without issue.

27. Enoch Hale; fourth son of Deacon R. Hale; b. October 28, 1753; entered Yale College, with his brother Nathan, 1769; gr. 1773; studied theology, and on the 28th of September, 1779, was ordained a minister of Westhampton, Massachusetts, where he died, January 14, 1837, after an energetic and useful ministry of more than fifty-seven years. He was deeply affected by his Brother Nathan's fate, for he was profoundly attached to him. He married September 30, 1781, Miss Octavia Throop, of Bozrah, Connecticut, daughter of Rev. Mr. Throop, of

that place. She died August 18, 1839. Their children were:

Gen. VI. 1. (60) Sally Hale; b. August 2, 1782; m. Elisha B. Clapp, of Westhampton, Novembe 27, 1800; d. February 7, 1838, leaving seven children.

2. (61) Nathan Hale; b. August 16 1784; m. Sarah Preston Everett, of Boston, September 5, 1816.

3. (62) Melissa Hale; b. February 26, 1786; m. September 27, 1809, Henry McCall, of Lebanon, Connecticut. They had eight children.

4. (63) Octavia Hale; b. May 13, 1788; m. December 19, 1811, William Hooker, of Westfield, Massachusetts. They had four children.

5. (64) Enoch Hale; b. January 19, 1790; m. first, September 6, 1813, Almira Hooker; second, May, 1822, Sarah

Hooker; third, May, 1829, Jane Murdock; died November 12, 1848, without issue. He studied chemistry and medicine at Yale College and at Howard Medical School, and took his degree of M.B. at Cambridge, August 20, 1813. He practiced with distinguished success for a few years in Gardiner, Massachusetts, and for the rest of his life in Boston.

6. (65) Richard Hale; b. July 2, 1792; m. December 28, 1815, Lydia Rust, who died January 10, 1837. He died in 1839.

7. (66) Betsey Hale; b. June 2, 1794; m. July 2, 1818, Levi Burt of Westhampton. They had seven children.

8. (67) Sybilla Hale; b. September 3, 1787; m. 1819, Richardson Hall. They had nine children.

28. Nathan Hale died without issue.

29. Richard Hale; sixth son of Daecon

R. Hale; b. February 20, 1757; m. March 16, 1786, Mary Wright, of Coventry; he died February, 1793, at St. Eustatia in the West Indies, where he had gone in search of health. They had:

Gen. VI. 1. (68) Mary Hale; b. July 6, 1787; d. December 10, 1791.

2. (69) Laura Hale; b. August 30, 1789; m. her cousin, David Hale, then of Boston.

3. (70) Mary; b. January 25, 1791; d. October 2, 1793.

After the death of Richard Hale his widow married Nathan Adams of Canterbury, son of her father-in-law's second wife. They had no children. She died in 1820.

30. Billy Hale, seventh son of Deacon R. Hale; b. April 23, 1759; m. January 19, 1784, Hannah Barker of Franklin.

He died of consumption in 1785, leaving one son.

Gen. VI. 1. (71) Billy; died in early life.

31. David Hale, ninth son of Deacon R. Hale; b. December 14, 1761; graduated at Yale College, 1785; settled as minister in Lisbon, Connecticut. He married May 19, 1790, Lydia Austin; b. December 9, 1764; daughter of Samuel Austin, of New Haven. In 1804, in poor health, he was dismissed from the church in Lisbon and removed to Coventry, where he became a deacon of the church in 1806. He was also representative of the town and justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He died February 10, 1822. His widow died April 28, 1849. They had one child:

Gen. VI. 1. (72) David Hale; b. April

25, 1791; m. first his cousin, Laura Hale, January 18, 1815. She died July 25, 1824. He m. second, August 22, 1825, Lucy S. Turner, of Boston.

33. Joanna, second daughter of Deacon R. Hale; b. March 19, 1764; m. January 22, 1784, Dr. Nathan Howard, of Coventry. He died April 21, 1838, at the age of 77, and she the next day. They had nine children, all of whom died except:

Gen. VI. 1. (73) John Howard; b. November 10, 1784; m. Lucy Ripley, daughter of Judge Ripley, of Coventry; d. March 30, 1813. They had three sons, Chauncey, John and Ripley.

2. (74) Nathan Howard; b. March 20, 1795.

Of Nathan Hale's nephews are the following:

61. Nathan Hale; son of (27) Rev. Enoch

Hale; b. August 16, 1784; gr. Williams College 1804, LL.D. Harvard University. He conducted for more than forty years the Boston *Advertiser*. The active labors of his life are well known. He married September 5, 1816, Sarah Preston Everett, daughter of Rev. Oliver Everett, of the new South Church Boston. Their children were eleven in number, the fourth being the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, born April 3, 1822; m. October 13, 1852, Emily Baldwin Perkins, of Hartford.

## HALE'S DIARY.

Hale's diary covers the time he left New London with his military company till, with the army from around Boston, he marched into New York. There are a few pages torn from the beginning and

one from the November entry. From September 30 till October 6 is missing, and the 16th of the latter month, then the entries are regular till December 31, 1775. On January 24, 1776, they are taken up again and run seven days. Two in February and four after he reached New York complete them.

"(Sep. 23d.) Cannon, 40 or 50, heard from the last stage to the present. Marched 3½ o'cl—and arrived (at) Watermans, (a private house and entertainment good) after a stop or two. 6½ o'cl., 6m.—tarried all night.

"24th, Mch'd 6 o'cl., mch'd from Olney's 2 miles, and reached Providence, but made no stop. Having march'd thro' the town with music, and mde a sht stp at the hither part, in the road, came 4 miles further to Slacks in Reho-

both, where we dined. 'Received Rehoboth, Sept. 24, 1775, of Nathan Hale, Lieut. of Maj. Latimer's company, five shillings and ten pence lawful money for the use of my house and other trouble by 3d Company. Eliphalet Slack.') receipt given to Hale. 4 o'cl., mch'd from Slaks 6m., and reached Daggett's in Attleborough, and put up, depositing our arms in the mttg House. Soon after our arrival joined by the Maj., who set out from home the nt bef——

"25th. March'd soon after sunrise—and came very fast to Dupree's in Wrentham, 9m. to Breakfast. Arv'd 9 o'cl. 11 set off, and 1½ P.M. arv'd (at) Hidden's, Walpole, and there dined and tarried till 4½ o'cl., and then march't to Dedham, 7m. and put up.

"Tuesday, 26th. Mch'd 5m. before

Breakfast to—For Dinner went 4½m. to Parkers, which is within a mile and a half from Camp. At our arrival in Camp found that 200 men had been draughted for a fishing party. Pitched our tents for the present in Roxbury, a little before sunset.

"Wednesday, 27th. Went to some of our lower works. 12 or 15 of the fishing party return and bring 11 Cattle and 2 horses.

"Thursday, 28th. Fishing party returned.

"Friday, 29th. Mch'd for Cambridge. Arv'd 3 o'cl., and camped on the foot of Winterhill, near Gen. Sullivan's 3 Comies, Majors C. Shipmans, Bostwick.

"Sat., 30th. Considerable firing on the Roxbury side in the forenoon, and some P.M. No damage done as we hear.

Join'd this day by Cpts. Perril and Levenwth about 4 o'cl.

"Octo. 6th, 1775. Near 100 Cans fired at Roxbury from the enemy. Shot off a man's arm, and killed one cow.

"7th. Some firing from Boston neck-nil. mat.

"8th. Sab. A.M. rainy—no meetg. Mr. Bird pr. Watertown P.M. Went to meetg on the hill. Mr. Smith pr.

"9th, Monday. Morng clear and pleasant, but cold. Exersd men 5 o'cl. 1 h.

"Tuesday, 10th. Went to Roxbury—dined with Doctr Wolcott at General Spencer's Lodg. P.M. rode down to Dorchester with a view to go on upon the point; but Coll Fellows told us he could give us no leave as we had been informed in town. Returned to Camp 6 o'cl.

"Wed., 11th. Bror Joseph here in the

morning—went Camge 12 o'cl—.sent a letter to Bror Enoch by Saml Turner. Inform'd by Joph that he was to be examin'd to-day for—Saw Royal Flynt—pr'd to write him. Rec'd a letter from Gil. Salt. wh inf. ye Schooner by St. Johns taken —all ye men kill'd, and yt 8,000 bushels of wheat had been taken and carried to Norwich fm Christ. Champlin's ship run agrd at Stoningtn. Rec'd letter 9th from Gil. Salt. Do 9th fm John Hallam—8th E. Hale. A heavy thunder showr in ye eveng.

"Thurs., 12th. Wrote 6 letters to N. L. Saw Cl Sage. Infmd Montreal held by Montgomery—St. Johns off'd to capitulate, but refusing to deliver guns, Johnson's terms were refused; but must soon surrender. P.M., went in to Cambridge. Took the Cambge paper—pd 3 coppers.

"Friday, 13th. Infmd by Lt. Col. that Col. Webb last night gave orders that Field Officers Lieutenants should wear Yellow Ribbons—put in one accordingly. Walkd to Misk for clothes.

"Sat., 14th. Mounted picket guard. Gov. Griswold at plough'd hill. Rumors of 25,000 troops from England.

"Sab., 15th. Mr. Bird pr. P.M. After meeting walked to Mystick.

"Tuesday, 17th. A Sergt.-Major deserted to the Regulars.

"Wed., 18th. A private deserted to the enemy. Last night a cannon split in our floatg battery when fired upon B. Common—1 of our men kill'd—another said to be mortally wounded—6 or 7 more wounded. Rec'd letters — G. Saltonstall, 16th—J. Hallam, 14th—E. Hallam, 15th—E. Adams, 16th. In Mr.

Sals. Letter rec'd news of the publishment of Thomas Poole and Betsy Adams on the 15th.

"Thursday, 19th. Wrote 4 letters—to Messrs. G. Sals, and John Hallam, and to Misses Bet. Adams and Hallam. 3 people inhabitants of Boston sd to have escaped on Roxy side last night. Several guns were fired at them, which were heard here on Winter hill. This morning one of our horses wandered down near the enemy's line, but they durst not ventured over to take him on account of Rifle placed at ye old Chimy ready to fire upon them. A sick man at Temples found to have the small pox.

"Friday, 20th. Wet and rainy. News from Roxbury yt 8 persons, 5 of them inhabitants, and 4 of them Sailors, made their escape last night from Boston to

Dorchester Point who bring accounts yt 10,000 Hanoverians & 5,000 Scotch and Irish troops are hourly expected in Boston. Cpt. Perrit ret'd sunset from Connecticut. News yt Col. Josh Trumbull, Commy Gen. was at the point of Death.

"Sat., 21st. Constant rain & for ye most part hard for the whole day. A letter communicated to offrs of ye Regt fm G. Washgtn to Coll Webb with orders to see what offrs will extend the term of service fm 6th Decemb' to 1st Jany—Col Webb issued orders for removing a man who was yesterday discovered to have ye small pox from Temple's house to ye hospital—but the offrs remonstrating, suspended his orders. Sun set clear.

"Sab., 22nd. Mounted piquet guard—had charge of the advance Piquet. Nil. mem. Mistick Commy refus'd to deliver

provsns to Compies which had had nothing for ye day. On which Cpt. Tuttle and 60 or 70 men went, and as it hapnd terror instead of force obtained the provisions. On Piquet heard Regrs at work with pick axes. One of our Centries heard their G. rounds give the countersign—which was Hamilton. Left P. guard and retd to Cp at sunrise on the——

"23d, Mon. 10 o'cl.,went to Cambridge wth Fld Comns officers to Genl Putnam, to let him know the state of the Regt and yt it was thro' ill usage upon the score of Provisions yt thy wld not extend their term of service to the 1st of Jany, 1776. Din'd at Browns--drk 1 Bottle wine—walk'd about street—call'd at Josh Woodbridge's on my way—and ret'd home about 6 o'cl. Rec'd confirmation

of day before yesterday's report yt Cpt. Coit mde Admiral. Rec'd Lett. Ed. Hallam, 15th.

"24th, Tuesday. Some rain. Wt to Mystick with clothes to be washed (viz. 4 shirts, Do. Necks, 5 pair Stockings, 1 Napkin, 1 Table Cloth, 1 Pillow Case, 2 Linen and 1 Silk Handkerchief). P.M. Got Brick and Clay for Chimney. Winter Hill came down to wrestle, wh view to find out our best for a wrestling match to which this hill was stumped by Prospect, to be decided on Thursday ensug. Evening prayers omitted for wrestling.

"25th, Wednesday. No letters.

"26th, Thursday. Grand wrestle on Prospect Hill—no wager laid.

"Friday, 27th. Messrs John Hallam and David Mumford arvd.

"Sat., 28th. Somewhat rainy.

"Sab., 29th. Went to meeting in the barn. One exercise. After meeting walk'd with Cpt. Hull and Mr. Hallam to Mystick.

"Sat., 28th. At night Sergt of the enemy's guard deserted to us.

"Monday, 30th. Some dispute with the Subalterns, about Cpt. Hull and me acting as Captain. The Col and Lieut. Col. full in it that we ought to act in that capacity. Brigade Majs and Genl Lee of same opinion. Presented a petition to Gen. Washington for Cpt Hull and myself asking the pay of Cpts. Refused. Mr. Gurley here at Dinr. P.M. Went into Cambridge with Mr. Mumford.

"Tuesday, 31st. Wrote letters to Father and Brother John and Enoch. P.M. Went to Cambridge—dr wine, &c., at Genl. Putnams.

"Wednesday, Novem. 1st. Mounted Piquet guard—nil mem. Rec'd 3 letters frm S. Belden, G. Salt., and B. Hallam. The 1st infmd he had no Scarlet Coating &c., and also reminded me of 20s. due to him by way of change of a 40s. Bill rec'd for Schooling (forgot). 2nd infmd that (as per Philadelphia paper) Peyton Randolph died of an Apoplexy 22nd ult. 3rd infmd Sheriff Christopher is dead.

"Wed., 1st. Came off from Piquet guard 10 o'cl. 11 do wt to Cmge with Cpt Hull—dined at Genl Putnams with Mr. Learned. Infmd Mr. Howe died at Hartford two months ago. Not heard of before. Coll Parson's Regt under arms to suppress ye mutinous procedings of Genl Spencer's Regt—one man hurt in the neck by a bayonet (done yesterday). Retnd to camp 6 o'cl.

"Thursday, 2nd. Rain constantly, sometimes hard. Receiv'd a flying Report that the Congress had declared independence.

"Friday, 3rd. Nil Mem.

"Sat., 4th. Mr. Learned and myself din'd at Coll Halls. Deacn Kingsbury's son visited me. P.M., Cpt Hull and myself wt to Prospect Hill.

"Sunday, 5th. A.M., Mr. Learned pr. John 13, 19—excellentissime. A little after twelve a considerable number of cannon from the enemy in memory of the day. Din'd with Cpt Hull at Genl Putnams. Rec'd news of the taking of Fort Chamblee with 80 odd soldiers, about 100 women & children, upwards of 100 barrels of Powder, more than 200 barrels of pork, 40 do of flour, 2 Mortars and some cannon. The Women, wives to

Officers in St. Johns, were brought to St. Johns and there their Husbands permitted to come out, and after spending some time with them return. Also News of a vessel taken by one of privateers Fr. Phia to Bn wh 104 pipes of wine—another from the West Indies with the produce of that country. Rec'd a letter from bro. Enoch. Nov. 1 Covntry pr. Daniel Robertson who is to make me a visit tomorrow. The paper in which the Officers sent in their names for new commissions return'd for more Subalterns. Ensns Pond and——put down th names. Those who put down their names the first offer, (are) Colls Webb and Hall, Capts Hoyt, Tuttle, Shipman, Bostwick, Perrit, Levenworth, Hull and Hale—Subs Catland.

"Monday, 6th. Mounted Piquet Guard

in the place of Cpt. Levenworth. A Rifleman deserted to the Regulars. Some wet. Day chiefly spent in Jabber and Chequers. Cast an eye upon Young's Mems, belongg to Col. Varnum—a very good book. Cmpt of ye bad condition of ye lower Piquet by Majr Cutler, &c. It is of the utmost importance that an officer should be anxious to know his duty, but of greater that he shd carefully perform what he does know. The present irregular state of the army is owing to a capital neglect in both of these.

"Tuesday 7th. Left Piquet 10 o'cl. Infmd Major Brooks applied for this Regt — new establishment—wh occasd much uneasiness among the Cpts. Rain pretty hard most of the day. Spent most of it in the Majr, my own and other

tents in conversation—some chequers—Studied yt best method of forming a Regt for review, of arraying ye Companies, also of marching round ye reviewing Officer. A man ought never to lose a moments time. If he put off a thing from one minute to the next, his reluctance is but increased.

"Wednesday, 8th. Cleaned my gun—pld some football, and some chequers. Some people came out of Boston via Roxby. Rec'd N. of Cpt Coit's taking two prizes, with Cattle, poultry, hay, rum, wine, &c., &c.—also verbal accounts of the taking of St. Johns.

"Thursday, 9th. 1 o'cl. P.M., an alarm. The enemy landed at Lechmere's Point to take off cattle. Our works were immediately all mann'd, and a detachment sent to receive them, who

were obliged, it being high water, to wade through water nearly waist high. While the enemy were landing, we gave them a constant Cannonade from Prospect Hill. Our party having got on to the point, marched in two columns, one on each side of the hill with a view to surround ye enemy, but upon the first appearance of them they made to their boats as fast as possible. While our men were marching on ye point, they were exposed to a hot fire from a ship in the bay, and a floating Battery—also after they had passed the hill. A few shot were fired from Bunker's Hill. The damage on our side is the loss of one Rifleman taken and 3 men wounded, one badly, and it is thought 10 or more cattle carried off. The Rifleman taken was drunk in a tent in which he and the one

who received the worst wound were placed to take care of the Cattle, Horses, &c., and give notice in case the enemy should make an attempt upon them. The tent they went in was taken. What the loss was on the side of the enemy we cannot yet determine. At night met with the Capts of ye new establishment at Genl Sullivan's to nominate Subalterns. Lieut. Burbank of Col Doolittle's Regt made my 1st L. Sergt Chapman 2nd & Sergt. Hurlburt Ensn.

"Friday, 10th. Went upon the hill to see my new Lieutenant Burbank and found him no great things. On my return found that my Bro. & Joseph Strong had been here and enquired for me. Immediately after dinner went to Cambr. to see them, but was too late. Went to headquarters—saw Genl Sullivan and

gave him a description of my new Lt. He said that he would make enquiry concerning him. On my return fo. the abo. Lt. at my tent, agrble to my invitation. After much roundabout talk persuaded him to go with me to the Genl to desire to be excused from the service. The Genl not being at home, deferr'd it till another time.

"Saturday, 11th Some dispute about the arrangement of Subs—but not peacefully settled.

"Sunday, 12th. This morning early a meeting of Capts. upon the above matter and not ended till noon. No meeting A.M. P.M. Mr. Bird pr.

"Monday, 13th. Our people began to dig turf under Cobble Hill. Inlistments delivered out. At night a man of our

Regt attempted to desert to the Regrs, but was taken.

"Tuesday, 14th. Some uneasiness about Subs. P.M. went to Cambr. Nil mem. Genl orders of today contained an account of the reduction of St. Johns. Digg sods under Cobble Hill continued."

Here follow, copied by Hale's hand, long and minute directions for the Guards--twenty-one articles in all, after which the diary continues:

"Wednesday, 15th. Mounted Main Guard. Heard read the articles of surrender of St. Johns. Likewise an account of the repulse of our piratical enemies at Hampton in Virginia, with the loss of a number of men (in a hand-bill). Three deserters made their escape from Boston to Roxbury last night. Two prisoners were taken this afternoon

in the orchard below Plough'd Hill, who, with some others were getting apples. They bring accounts that it was reported in Boston that our army at St. Johns was entirely cut off. That last week when they attempted to take our cattle at Sewel's point they killed 50 or 60 of our men, wounded as many more and had not a man either killed or wounded—whereas in truth we had only one that was much wounded, and he is in a way to recover. Rec'd a letter from J. Hallam.

"Thursday, 16th. Reliev'd from Piquet, 8½ o'cl. Confined James Brown of Cpt. Hubbels company for leaving the guard which he did yesterday toward night, and did not return until 4 o'cl. this morning, when he was taken up by the centinel at the door of Temple's

House. As it appeared he was somewhat disguised with liquor, I ordered him confined and reported.

"Thursday, 16th. Wrote two letters—1 to J. Hallam and 1 to G. Salt. It being Thanksgiving in Connecticut, the Capts and officers in nomination for the new army had an entertainment at T's house provided by Capt. Whitney's Sutler. They were somewhat merry and inlisted some soldiers. I was not present. About 10 or 11 o'cl. at night Orders came for reinforcing the Piquet with 10 men from a Comy.

"Friday, 17th. Rec'd an order from Colonel Hall for taking up at the Continental store 4 pr. Breeches, 6 Do Stockgs, 5¼ yds of Coats, 5 Do Shoes, 1 Shirt, 1 buff jerk. 1 pr. Indian Stockgs, all which I got but the Shirt, Indian

Stockgs, 1¼ yd. Coatng, and shoes which are to come to-morrow morning. Cpt Hull wth some of his soldiers went wth me to Cambge. Return'd after dark. Stop'd at Genl. Lee's to see about Furls for men enlisted, who ordered the general orders of the day to be read by which Furloughs are to be given by Colls only and not more than 50 at a time must have them out of a Regt. Genl orders further contained that the Congress had seen fit to raise the pay of the officers from what they were—and that a Cpt. upon the new establishment is to receive 26⅔ Dollars per month—a 1st and 2nd Lieut. 18 Dollars and Ensn 13½ Dollars.

"Saturday, 18th. Obtained an order from Colo. Webb upon the Q.M.G. for things for the soldiers. Went for them afterward—returned a little after Sunset.

"Sabbath Day, 19th. Mr. Bird pr.—one service only, beginning after 12 o'cl. Text Esther 8th, 6: "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people, or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" The discourse very good, the same as preached to Genl Wooster, his officers and Soldiers, at Newhaven, and which was again preached at Cambridge a Sabbath or two ago. Now preached as a farewell discourse. Robert Latimer, the Majr's son, went to Roxbury today, on his way home. The Majr who went there today and Lieut Hurlburt, and Robert Latimer F. who went yesterday, returned this eveng and bt accts that the Asia Man of War, stationed at New York, was taken by a Schooner armed with Spears, &c., which at first appeared to be going

out of the Harbour and was brot to by ye Asia and instead of coming under her stern, just as she comes up shot along side. The men who were before conceal'd immediately sprang up with their lances, &c., and went at it with such vigour that they soon made themselves masters of the ship. The kill'd and wounded are not known. This account not credited. Sergeant Prentis thought to be dying about 12 Meridian—some better if any alteratn this evening.

"Monday, 20th. Obtain'd furloughs for five men, viz., Isaac Hammon, Jabez Minard, Christopher Beebe, John Holmes, and William Hatch, each for 20 Days. Mounted mn Guard—4 prisoners, nil mem., until 10 o'cl., when an alarm from Cambr. and Prospect Hill occasioned our turning out. Slept little or none.

"Tuesday, 21st. Reliev'd by Cpt. Hoyt. Sergt. Prentis very low. Colo and some Cpts went to Cambr. to a Court M. to Cpt. Hubbel's Trial, adjourn'd from yesterday today. Evening spent in conversation.

"Wednesday, 22nd. Sergt. Prentis died about 12 o'cl. last night. Tried to obtain furlough to go to Cape Ann and keep Thanksgiving but could not succeed. Being at Genl Sullivans, heard Genl Green read a letter from a member of the Congress expressing wonder at the Backwardness of the Offrs and Soldiers to tarry the winter, likewise informing that the men inlisted fast in Pennsylvania and ye Jersies for 30s. per month. Some hints dropt as if there were to be a change of the"

Here a leaf of the Camp Book is gone

and the Diary recommences as follows:

"Saturday, 25th. Last night 2 sheep kill'd belonging to the Enmy. This morning considerable firing between the Centries. A Rifleman got a Dog from the regulars. Col. Varnum offer'd a Guinea for him the (same) that Genl Lee had offer'd. 10 o'cl. A.M. went to Cobble Hill to view. Another brought to the Ferry way—two there now. P.M. Went to Cam—Ret'd Sunset—Heard further that 200 or 300 poor people had been set on shore last night by the Regulars, the place not known, but sd to be not more than 6 or 8 miles from hence. Cannon were heard this forenoon, seeming to be off in the bay, and at some distance. Observed in coming from Cambr., a number of Gabines at Genl Lees, said to be

for the purpose of fortifying upon Lechmere Point.

"26th, Sunday. William Hatch of Major Latimer's Co. died last night, having been confin'd about one week—He has the whole time been in—and great part of it out of his Senses. His distemper was not really known. He was buried this afternoon—few people attended his funeral. Reported that the people were set ashore at Chelsea, and bring accts that the troops in Boston had orders to make an attack on Plough'd Hill, when we first began our works there, but the Officers, a number of them, went to Gen Howe and offer'd to give up their commissions, absolutely refusing to come out and be butcher'd by the Americans. Mounted main Guard this morning. Snowy. Lt. Chapman rec'd Re-

cruiting ordrs, and set out home, proposing to go as far as Roxby today.

"27th, Monday. Nil mem. Evening went to Gen. Lee's, whom I found very much cast down at the discouraging prospects of supplying the army with troops.

"28th, Tuesday. Promised the men if they would tarry another month they should have my wages for that time. Gen. Sullivan returned. Sent order to Fraser, Q.M., to send us some wood. Went to Cambr.—could not be served at the store. Return'd—observ'd a greater number of Gabines at Genl Lee's. Infml at Cambr. yt Genl Putnam's Regt., mostly concluded to tarry another month (This is a lie).

"29th, Wednesday. The Regt. drawn up before Genl. Sullivan's. After he

had made them a most excellent speech, desired them to signify their minds whether they would tarry till the 1st of Janury. Very few fell out, but some gave in their names afterwards. Read News of the taking of a vessel loaded wth ordinance and stores.

"30th, Thursday. Obtain'd a furlough for Ensn Hurlburt for 20 Days. Sent no letters to-day on account of the hurry of business.

"(December) 1st, Friday. Wt to Cambridge. A number of men about 20 in the whole, confined for attempting to go home. Our Regt this morning by means of Genl Lee unversally consented to tarry until the Militia came in, and by far the greater part agreed to stay until the first of Jan.

"2nd, Saturday. Orders rec'd to the

Regt that no one Officer or Soldier should go beyond Drum call from his alarm post. Went to Mystick with Gel Sullivan's order on Mr. Fraser for things wanted by the Soldiers who are to tarry till the 1st of January, but found he had none.

"3rd, Sunday. Wet weather. No pr. Evg got an ordr from B. G. Sullivan upon Colo Mifflin for the above mentioned articles not to be had at Fraser's.

"4th, Monday. Went to Cambridge to draw the above articles but the order was not accepted. Rec's News yt several prizes had been taken by our Prvateers, among which was a Vessel from Scotland, ballast'd with coal—the rest of her cargo dry goods. Cpt. Bulkley and Mr. Chamberlain, from Colchester with cheese. Purchased 107 lbs., for

which I gave an order upon Mr. Latimer.

"5th, Tuesday. Rec'd News of the death of John Bowers, Gunner in Cpt. Adams' Privateer, formerly of Majr Latimer's Company.

"6th, Wednesday. Upon main Guard. Nil mem. Rec'd some letters per Post. Col. Doolittle, Officer of the day, infmd that Col. Arnold had arrived at point Levi near Quebec.

"7th, Thursday. Went to Cambridge to draw things.

"8th, Friday. Did some writing. Went P.M. to draw money for our expenses on the road from N. L. to Roxbury, but was disappointed.

"9th. Nil mem. Saturday.

"10th. Struck our tents and the men chiefly marched off. Some few remain-

ing came into my room. At night Charles Brown, Daniel Talbot and Wm. Carver returned from privateering. Assisted Majr Latimer in making out his Pay Roll. Somewhat unwell this morning.

"11th, Monday. Finish'd the pay roll, and settled some accounts about 12 o'cl. Majr Latimer set out home. 1 or more Companies came in to-day for our relief.

"12th, Tuesday. A little unwell yesterday and to-day. Some better this evening.

"13th, Wednesday. On Main Guard. Rec'd and wrote some letters. Read the History of Philip.

"14th, Thursday. Went to Cambridge. Visited Majr Brooks, found him unwell with an ague. Capt. Hull taken violently ill yesterday—remains very bad to-day —has a high fever.

"15th, Friday. Nil mem.

"16th, Sat. Our people began the covered way to Lechmere's Point.

"17th, Sunday. Went to Mystick to meeting. Some firing on our people at Lechmere's Point.

"18th, Monday. Went to Cambridge to draw things. The Regt paraded this morning to be formed into two companies, that the rest of the officers might go home. Heard in Cambridge that Cpt. Manly had taken another prize with the Govr of one of the Carolinas friendly to us and the Hon Matthews, Esqr., Memb. of the Continental Congress, whom Gov. Dunmore had taken and sent for Boston.

"19th, Tuesday. Went to Cobble Hill. A shell and a shot from Bunker's Hill. The shell breaking in the air—one piece fell and touched a man's hat, but did no

harm. Works upon Lechmere's Point continued.

"20th, Wed. Went to Roxbury for money left for me by Majr Latimer with Genl Spencer, who refused to let me have it without security. Draw'd some things from the Store. Lt Catlin and Ensn Whittlesey set out home on foot.

"21st, Thursday. Wrote a number of letters. Went to Cambridge to carry them where I found Mr. Hempstead had taken up my money at Genl Spencer's and given his receipt. I took it of Hempstead giving my receipt. The sum was £36 10s. 0d.

"22d, Friday. Some Shot from the Enemy.

"23rd, Saturday. Tried to draw 1 month's advance pay for my Company, but found I could not have it till Mon-

day next. Upon which borrowed 76 Dollars of Cpt. Levenworth, giving him an order on Coll Webb for the same as soon as my advance pay for January should be drawn. 3¾ o'cl. P.M. Set out from Cambridge on my way home. At Watertown took the wrong road, and went two miles directly out of the way, which had to travel right back again. And after travelling 11 miles put up at Hammons, Newtown, about 7 o'cl. Entertainment pretty good.

"24th, Sunday. Left H's 6½ o'cl. Went 8 miles to Strayton's, passing by Jackson's at 3 miles. Breakfasted at Straytons. The snow which began before we set out this morning increases and becomes burthensome. From Straytons 9 miles to Stone's, were we eat Biscuit and drank cyder. 7 miles to Jones'

—dined—arv'd 3¼ o'cl. From there 2m. and forget some things, and went back—then return'd. To Dr. Reeds that night. Pass'd Amadons and Keiths 3m. Good houses. Within ½ m. of Dr. Reeds missed my road, and went 2 m. directly out of my way, and right back, travell'd —in the whole today, 41 miles. The weather stormy and the snow for the most part ancle deep.

"25th, Monday. From Dr. Reeds 8 o'cl. Came 1 or 2 m. and got horses. 4 m. to Hills and breakfasted—ordinary. 8 m. to Jacobs and din'd. Dismissed our horses. 6 o'cl. arv'd Keyes 11 m., and put up. Entertainment good.

"26th, Tuesday. 6 o'cl. A.M. Fr. K. 6 m. to Kindals—breakfasted. 10 on to Southwards—din'd. Settled accts with Lt Sage—dd hm 16 Dollars for paying

Soldiers 1 month's advance pay. Arr'vd home a little after sunset. One heel string lame.

"Wed., 27th. Heel lame. Wt to Br. Roses. Aunt Robs, Mr. Huntton and Cpt Robs.

"28th, Thursday. Unwell. Tarried at home.

"29th, Friday. Went to see G. C. Lyman. Call'd at Dr. Kingsbury's and Mr. Strongs.

"Jany, 1776, 24th, Wednesday. Set out from my Fathers for the Camp on horseback at 7½ o'cl. At 11 o'cl. arv'd at Perkins by Ashford Meeting House where left the horses, 12½ o'cl. mch'd—3½ arv'd Grosvenors, 8 m. and 4½ at Grosvenor's Pomfret, 2m. and put up. Here met 9 Solrs fr. Windham.

"25th, Thursday. 6½ o'cl. mchd from

G. and came to Forbs 7m., but another Co having engaged breakfast there we were obliged to pass on to Jacobs (from Grov. 18m.)—After Breakfast went 8m. to Hills, and dr. some bad cyder in a worse tavern. 7 o'cl. arv'd Deacon Reeds, 5 m. Uxbridge, and ½ comy put up, myself wth remainder passed on to Woods 2m.

"26th, Friday. 7 o'cl. fr. Woods 4m. to Almadons Mendoreld—breakfasted. 17m. to Clark's, 10 o'cl. Mchd about 11 o'cl.—arv'd at Ellis' 5½ where drank a glass of brandy, and proceeded on 5½ to Whitings. Arv'd 2 o'cl. Arv'd at Barkers in Jamaica Plains, but being refused entertainment were obliged to betake ourselves to the Punch Bowl where leaving the men 11 M., went to Roxby Saw Genl Spencer, who tho't it best to

have the men there, as the Regiment were expected there on Monday or Tuesday. Indians at Genl Spencers. Retd to Winter Hill.

"28th, Sunday. Went to Roxby to find barracks for 11 men that came with me, but not finding good ones, ret'd to Temple's House where the men were arv'd before me. In the evening went to pay a last visit to General Sullivan with Col. Webb and the Cpts. of the Regt.

"29th, Monday. Nil mem.

"30th, Tuesday. Removed from Winter Hill to Roxby.

"Feby 4th, 1776. Sunday.

"Feb. 14th, 1776, Wednesday. Last night a party of Regulars made an attempt upon Dorchester, landing with a very considerable body of men, taking 6 of our guard, dispersing the rest and burn-

ing two or three houses. The Guard house was set on fire but extinguished.

"(New York) July 23d, 1776. Report in town of the arv'l of twenty S. of the line in St. Lawre River. Doct. Wolcott and Guy Richds Jun. here frm N. L. Rec'd L fr. G. Saltonstall.

"Aug. 21st. Heavy storm at night. Much and heavy thunder. Capt. Van Wyke and a Lieut. and Ensn of Colo McDougall's Reg't kill'd by a Shock. Likewise one man in town belonging to a Militia Reg't of Connecticut. The Storm continued for two or three hours for the greatest part of which time (there) was a perpetual Lightning and the sharpest I ever knew.

"22d, Thursday. The enemy landed some troops down at the Narrows on Long Island.

"23rd, Friday. Enemy landed more Troops—News that they had marched up and taken Station near Flatbush, their advce Gds. being on this side near the Woods—that some of our Riflemen attacked and drove them back from their post, burnt 2 stacks of hay and it was thought kill'd some of them—this about 12 o'cl. at Night. Our troops attacked them at their station near Flath, routed and drove them back 1½ miles."

THE END.

# A. L. BURT'S PUBLICATIONS

## For Young People

BY POPULAR WRITERS,

## 52-58 Duane Street, New York.

---

**Bonnie Prince Charlie:** A Tale of Fontenoy and Culloden. By G. A. HENTY. With 12 full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The adventures of the son of a Scotch officer in French service. The boy, brought up by a Glasgow bailie, is arrested for aiding a Jacobite agent, escapes, is wrecked on the French coast, reaches Paris, and serves with the French army at Dettingen. He kills his father's foe in a duel, and escaping to the coast, shares the adventures of Prince Charlie, but finally settles happily in Scotland.

"Ronald, the hero, is very like the hero of 'Quentin Durward.' The lad's journey across France, and his hairbreadth escapes, make up as good a narrative of the kind as we have ever read. For freshness of treatment and variety of incident Mr. Henty has surpassed himself."—*Spectator.*

**With Clive in India;** or, the Beginnings of an Empire. By G. A. HENTY. With 12 full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The period between the landing of Clive as a young writer in India and the close of his career was critical and eventful in the extreme. At its commencement the English were traders existing on sufferance of the native princes. At its close they were masters of Bengal and of the greater part of Southern India. The author has given a full and accurate account of the events of that stirring time, and battles and sieges follow each other in rapid succession, while he combines with his narrative a tale of daring and adventure, which gives a lifelike interest to the volume.

"He has taken a period of Indian history of the most vital importance, and he has embroidered on the historical facts a story which of itself is deeply interesting. Young people assuredly will be delighted with the volume."—*Scotsman.*

**The Lion of the North:** A Tale of Gustavus Adolphus and the Wars of Religion. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by JOHN SCHÖNBERG. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story Mr. Henty gives the history of the first part of the Thirty Years' War. The issue had its importance, which has extended to the present day, as it established religious freedom in Germany. The army of the chivalrous king of Sweden was largely composed of Scotchmen, and among these was the hero of the story.

"The tale is a clever and instructive piece of history, and as boys may be trusted to read it conscientiously, they can hardly fail to be profited."—*Times.*

**The Dragon and the Raven; or, The Days of King Alfred.** By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by C. J. STANILAND, R.I. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story the author gives an account of the fierce struggle between Saxon and Dane for supremacy in England, and presents a vivid picture of the misery and ruin to which the country was reduced by the ravages of the sea-wolves. The hero, a young Saxon thane, takes part in all the battles fought by King Alfred. He is driven from his home, takes to the sea and resists the Danes on their own element, and being pursued by them up the Seine, is present at the long and desperate siege of Paris.

"Treated in a manner most attractive to the boyish reader."—*Athenæum.*

**The Young Carthaginian: A Story of the Times of Hannibal.** By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by C. J. STANILAND, R.I. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Boys reading the history of the Punic Wars have seldom a keen appreciation of the merits of the contest. That it was at first a struggle for empire, and afterward for existence on the part of Carthage, that Hannibal was a great and skillful general, that he defeated the Romans at Trebia, Lake Trasimenus, and Cannæ, and all but took Rome, represents pretty nearly the sum total of their knowledge. To let them know more about this momentous struggle for the empire of the world Mr. Henty has written this story, which not only gives in graphic style a brilliant description of a most interesting period of history, but is a tale of exciting adventure sure to secure the interest of the reader.

"Well constructed and vividly told. From first to last nothing stays the interest of the narrative. It bears us along as on a stream whose current varies in direction, but never loses its force."—*Saturday Review.*

**In Freedom's Cause: A Story of Wallace and Bruce.** By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story the author relates the stirring tale of the Scottish War of Independence. The extraordinary valor and personal prowess of Wallace and Bruce rival the deeds of the mythical heroes of chivalry, and indeed at one time Wallace was ranked with these legendary personages. The researches of modern historians have shown, however, that he was a living, breathing man—and a valiant champion. The hero of the tale fought under both Wallace and Bruce, and while the strictest historical accuracy has been maintained with respect to public events, the work is full of "hairbreadth 'scapes" and wild adventure.

"It is written in the author's best style. Full of the wildest and most remarkable achievements, it is a tale of great interest, which a boy, once he has begun it, will not willingly put on one side."—*The Schoolmaster.*

**With Lee in Virginia:** A Story of the American Civil War. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The story of a young Virginian planter, who, after bravely proving his sympathy with the slaves of brutal masters, serves with no less courage and enthusiasm under Lee and Jackson through the most exciting events of the struggle. He has many hairbreadth escapes, is several times wounded and twice taken prisoner; but his courage and readiness and, in two cases, the devotion of a black servant and of a runaway slave whom he had assisted, bring him safely through all difficulties.

"One of the best stories for lads which Mr. Henty has yet written. The picture is full of life and color, and the stirring and romantic incidents are skillfully blended with the personal interest and charm of the story."—*Standard.*

**By England's Aid;** or, The Freeing of the Netherlands (1585-1604). By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by ALFRED PEARSE, and Maps. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The story of two English lads who go to Holland as pages in the service of one of "the fighting Veres." After many adventures by sea and land, one of the lads finds himself on board a Spanish ship at the time of the defeat of the Armada, and escapes only to fall into the hands of the Corsairs. He is successful in getting back to Spain under the protection of a wealthy merchant, and regains his native country after the capture of Cadiz.

"It is an admirable book for youngsters. It overflows with stirring incident and exciting adventure, and the color of the era and of the scene are finely reproduced. The illustrations add to its attractiveness."—*Boston Gazette.*

**By Right of Conquest;** or, With Cortez in Mexico. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by W. S. STACEY, and Two Maps. 12mo, cloth, price $1.50.

The conquest of Mexico by a small band of resolute men under the magnificent leadership of Cortez is always rightly ranked among the most romantic and daring exploits in history. With this as the groundwork of his story Mr. Henty has interwoven the adventures of an English youth, Roger Hawkshaw, the sole survivor of the good ship Swan, which had sailed from a Devon port to challenge the mercantile supremacy of the Spaniards in the New World. He is beset by many perils among the natives, but is saved by his own judgment and strength, and by the devotion of an Aztec princess. At last by a ruse he obtains the protection of the Spaniards, and after the fall of Mexico he succeeds in regaining his native shore, with a fortune and a charming Aztec bride.

"'By Right of Conquest' is the nearest approach to a perfectly successful historical tale that Mr. Henty has yet published."—*Academy.*

**In the Reign of Terror:** The Adventures of a Westminster Boy. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by J. SCHÖNBERG. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Harry Sandwith, a Westminster boy, becomes a resident at the chateau of a French marquis, and after various adventures accompanies the family to Paris at the crisis of the Revolution. Imprisonment and death reduce their number, and the hero finds himself beset by perils with the three young daughters of the house in his charge. After hairbreadth escapes they reach Nantes. There the girls are condemned to death in the coffin-ships, but are saved by the unfailing courage of their boy protector.

"Harry Sandwith, the Westminster boy, may fairly be said to beat Mr. Henty's record. His adventures will delight boys by the audacity and peril they depict. . . . The story is one of Mr. Henty's best."—*Saturday Review.*

**With Wolfe in Canada;** or, The Winning of a Continent. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In the present volume Mr. Henty gives an account of the struggle between Britain and France for supremacy in the North American continent. On the issue of this war depended not only the destinies of North America, but to a large extent those of the mother countries themselves. The fall of Quebec decided that the Anglo-Saxon race should predominate in the New World; that Britain, and not France, should take the lead among the nations of Europe; and that English and American commerce, the English language, and English literature, should spread right round the globe.

"It is not only a lesson in history as instructively as it is graphically told, but also a deeply interesting and often thrilling tale of adventure and peril by flood and field."—*Illustrated London News.*

**True to the Old Flag:** A Tale of the American War of Independence. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story the author has gone to the accounts of officers who took part in the conflict, and lads will find that in no war in which American and British soldiers have been engaged did they behave with greater courage and good conduct. The historical portion of the book being accompanied with numerous thrilling adventures with the redskins on the shores of Lake Huron, a story of exciting interest is interwoven with the general narrative and carried through the book.

"Does justice to the pluck and determination of the British soldiers during the unfortunate struggle against American emancipation. The son of an American loyalist, who remains true to our flag, falls among the hostile redskins in that very Huron country which has been endeared to us by the exploits of Hawkeye and Chingachgook."—*The Times.*

**The Lion of St. Mark:** A Tale of Venice in the Fourteenth Century. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A story of Venice at a period when her strength and splendor were put to the severest tests. The hero displays a fine sense and manliness which carry him safely through an atmosphere of intrigue, crime, and bloodshed. He contributes largely to the victories of the Venetians at Porto d'Anzo and Chioggia, and finally wins the hand of the daughter of one of the chief men of Venice.

"Every boy should read 'The Lion of St. Mark.' Mr. Henty has never produced a story more delightful, more wholesome, or more vivacious."—*Saturday Review.*

**A Final Reckoning:** A Tale of Bush Life in Australia. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00,

The hero, a young English lad. after rather a stormy boyhood, emigrates to Australia, and gets employment as an officer in the mounted police. A few years of active work on the frontier, where he has many a brush with both natives and bushrangers, gain him promotion to a captaincy, and he eventually settles down to the peaceful life of a squatter.

"Mr. Henty has never published a more readable, a more carefully constructed, or a better written story than this."—*Spectator.*

**Under Drake's Flag:** A Tale of the Spanish Main. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A story of the days when England and Spain struggled for the supremacy of the sea. The heroes sail as lads with Drake in the Pacific expedition, and in his great voyage of circumnavigation. The historical portion of the story is absolutely to be relied upon, but this will perhaps be less attractive than the great variety of exciting adventure through which the young heroes pass in the course of their voyages.

"A book of adventure, where the hero meets with experience enough, one would think, to turn his hair gray."—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

**By Sheer Pluck:** A Tale of the Ashanti War. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth. price $1.00.

The author has woven, in a tale of thrilling interest, all the details of the Ashanti campaign, of which he was himself a witness. His hero, after many exciting adventures in the interior, is detained a prisoner by the king just before the outbreak of the war, but escapes, and accompanies the English expedition on their march to Coomassie.

"Mr. Henty keeps up his reputation as a writer of boys' stories. 'By Sheer Pluck' will be eagerly read."—*Athenæum.*

**By Pike and Dyke:** A Tale of the Rise of the Dutch Republic. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by MAYNARD BROWN, and 4 Maps. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story Mr. Henty traces the adventures and brave deeds of an English boy in the household of the ablest man of his age—William the Silent. Edward Martin, the son of an English sea-captain, enters the service of the Prince as a volunteer, and is employed by him in many dangerous and responsible missions, in the discharge of which he passes through the great sieges of the time. He ultimately settles down as Sir Edward Martin.

"Boys with a turn for historical research will be enchanted with the book while the rest who only care for adventure will be students in spite of themselves."—*St. James' Gazette.*

**St. George for England:** A Tale of Cressy and Poitiers. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

No portion of English history is more crowded with great events than that of the reign of Edward III. Cressy and Poitiers; the destruction of the Spanish fleet; the plague of the Black Death; the Jacquerie rising; these are treated by the author in "St. George for England." The hero of the story, although of good family, begins life as a London apprentice, but after countless adventures and perils becomes by valor and good conduct the squire, and at last the trusted friend of the Black Prince.

"Mr. Henty has developed for himself a type of historical novel for boys which bids fair to supplement, on their behalf, the historical labors of Sir Walter Scott in the land of fiction."—*The Standard.*

**Captain's Kidd's Gold:** The True Story of an Adventurous Sailor Boy. By JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

There is something fascinating to the average youth in the very idea of buried treasure. A vision arises before his eyes of swarthy Portuguese and Spanish rascals, with black beards and gleaming eyes—sinister-looking fellows who once on a time haunted the Spanish Main, sneaking out from some hidden creek in their long, low schooner, of picaroonish rake and sheer, to attack an unsuspecting trading craft. There were many famous sea rovers in their day, but none more celebrated than Capt. Kidd. Perhaps the most fascinating tale of all is Mr. Fitts' true story of an adventurous American boy, who receives from his dying father an ancient bit of vellum, which the latter obtained in a curious way. The document bears obscure directions purporting to locate a certain island in the Bahama group, and a considerable treasure buried there by two of Kidd's crew. The hero of this book, Paul Jones Garry, is an ambitious, persevering lad, of salt-water New England ancestry, and his efforts to reach the island and secure the money form one of the most absorbing tales for our youth that has come from the press.

**Captain Bayley's Heir:** A Tale of the Gold Fields of California. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by H. M. PAGET. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A frank, manly lad and his cousin are rivals in the heirship of a considerable property. The former falls into a trap laid by the latter, and while under a false accusation of theft foolishly leaves England for America. He works his passage before the mast, joins a small band of hunters, crosses a tract of country infested with Indians to the Californian gold diggings, and is successful both as digger and trader.

"Mr. Henty is careful to mingle instruction with entertainment; and the humorous touches, especially in the sketch of John Holl, the Westminster dustman, Dickens himself could hardly have excelled."—*Christian Leader.*

**For Name and Fame;** or, Through Afghan Passes. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

An interesting story of the last war in Afghanistan. The hero, after being wrecked and going through many stirring adventures among the Malays, finds his way to Calcutta and enlists in a regiment proceeding to join the army at the Afghan passes. He accompanies the force under General Roberts to the Peiwar Kotal, is wounded, taken prisoner, carried to Cabul, whence he is transferred to Candahar, and takes part in the final defeat of the army of Ayoub Khan.

"The best feature of the book—apart from the interest of its scenes of adventure—is its honest effort to do justice to the patriotism of the Afghan people."—*Daily News.*

**Captured by Apes:** The Wonderful Adventures of a Young Animal Trainer. By HARRY PRENTICE. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

The scene of this tale is laid on an island in the Malay Archipelago. Philip Garland, a young animal collector and trainer, of New York, sets sail for Eastern seas in quest of a new stock of living curiosities. The vessel is wrecked off the coast of Borneo and young Garland, the sole survivor of the disaster, is cast ashore on a small island, and captured by the apes that overrun the place. The lad discovers that the ruling spirit of the monkey tribe is a gigantic and vicious baboon, whom he identifies as Goliah, an animal at one time in his possession and with whose instruction he had been especially diligent. The brute recognizes him, and with a kind of malignant satisfaction puts his former master through the same course of training he had himself experienced with a faithfulness of detail which shows how astonishing is monkey recollection. Very novel indeed is the way by which the young man escapes death. Mr. Prentice has certainly worked a new vein on juvenile fiction, and the ability with which he handles a difficult subject stamps him as a writer of undoubted skill.

**The Bravest of the Brave; or, With Peterborough in Spain.** By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by H. M. PAGET. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

There are few great leaders whose lives and actions have so completely fallen into oblivion as those of the Earl of Peterborough. This is largely due to the fact that they were overshadowed by the glory and successes of Marlborough. His career as general extended over little more than a year, and yet, in that time, he showed a genius for warfare which has never been surpassed.

"Mr. Henty never loses sight of the moral purpose of his work—to enforce the doctrine of courage and truth. Lads will read 'The Bravest of the Brave' with pleasure and profit; of that we are quite sure."—*Daily Telegraph.*

**The Cat of Bubastes: A Story of Ancient Egypt.** By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A story which will give young readers an unsurpassed insight into the customs of the Egyptian people. Amuba, a prince of the Rebu nation, is carried with his charioteer Jethro into slavery. They become inmates of the house of Ameres, the Egyptian high-priest, and are happy in his service until the priest's son accidentally kills the sacred cat of Bubastes. In an outburst of popular fury Ameres is killed, and it rests with Jethro and Amuba to secure the escape of the high-priest's son and daughter.

"The story, from the critical moment of the killing of the sacred cat to the perilous exodus into Asia with which it closes, is very skillfully constructed and full of exciting adventures. It is admirably illustrated."—*Saturday Review.*

**With Washington at Monmouth: A Story of Three Philadelphia Boys.** By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Three Philadelphia boys, Seth Graydon "whose mother conducted a boarding-house which was patronized by the British officers;" Enoch Ball, "son of that Mrs. Ball whose dancing school was situated on Letitia Street," and little Jacob, son of "Chris, the Baker," serve as the principal characters. The story is laid during the winter when Lord Howe held possession of the city, and the lads aid the cause by assisting the American spies who make regular and frequent visits from Valley Forge. One reads here of home-life in the captive city when bread was scarce among the people of the lower classes, and a reckless prodigality shown by the British officers, who passed the winter in feasting and merry-making while the members of the patriot army but a few miles away were suffering from both cold and hunger. The story abounds with pictures of Colonial life skillfully drawn, and the glimpses of Washington's soldiers which are given show that the work has not been hastily done, or without considerable study.

HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.
AUG 98
Bound-To-Please® N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962